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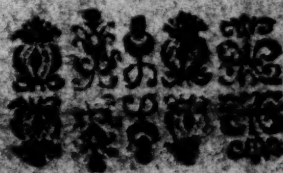
THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
ALPHONSUS  
EMPEROUR  
OF  
GERMANY

As it hath been very often Acted (with  
great applause) at the Private house  
in BLACK-FRIERS by His  
MAJESTIES Servants.

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*R* By George Chapman Gentleman

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LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be  
sold at his Shopp at the Princes Arms  
in St. Pauls Church-yard 1634.







## To the Reader

I Shall not need to bespeak thee Courteous, if thou hast seen this Piece presented with all the Elegance of Life and Action on the *Black-Friers* Stage; But if it be a Stranger to thee, give me leave to prepare thy acceptation, by telling thee, it was receiv'd with general applause, and thy judgement ( I doubt not ) will be satisfied in the reading.

I will not raise thy Expectation further, nor delay thy Entertainment by a tedious Preface. The Design is high, the Contrivement subtle, and will deserve thy grave Attention in the perusall.

*Farewell.*



## *Dramatis Personæ.*

**A**lphonsus Emperour of Germany.  
King of Bohemia.

Bishop of Mentz.

Bishop of Collen.

Bishop of Tryer.

Pallatine of the Rhein.

Duke of Saxon.

Marquess of Brandenburg.

Prince Edward of England.

Richard Duke of Cornwall.

Lorenzo de Cipres, Secretary to the Emperour.

Alexander his Son, the Emperours Page.

Isabella the Empress.

Hedewick Daughter to the Duke of Saxon.

Captain of the Guard.

Souldiers.

Jaylor.

Two Boores.




The seven Ele-  
ctors of the Ger-  
man Empire.



ALPHONSUS

Emperour of Germany.

*Enter Alphonfus the Emperour in his night-gown, and his shirt, and a torch in his hand, Alexander de Tripes his Page following him.*

*Al.*  Oy, give me the Master Key of all the doors.  
To Bed again, and leave me to my self. [*Exit*]  
*Is Richard come? have four Electors [Alexander sworn*

To make him Keisar in despite of me;  
Why then *Alphonfus* it is time to wake.  
No Englishman, thou art too hot at hand,  
Too shallow brained to undermine my throne;  
The Spanish Sun hath purifi'd my wit,  
And dry'd up all gross humours in my head,  
That I am sighted as the King of Birds,  
And can discern thy deepest Stratagems.  
I am the lawful German Emperour,  
Chosen, enstall'd, by general consent;  
And they may tearme Tyrant as they please,  
I will be King, and Tyrant if I please;  
For what is Empire but a Tyrannie?  
And none but children use it otherwise.  
Of seven Electors, four are falln away,  
The other three I dare not greatly trust;  
My Wife is Sister to mine enemy,  
And therefore wisely to be dealt withall;  
But why do I except in special,  
When this position must be general,

B

That

That no man living must be credited,  
 Further than tends unto thy proper good.  
 But to the purpose of my silent walk;  
 Within this Chamber lyes my Secretary,  
*Lorenzo de Cipres*, in whose learned brain  
 Is all the compass of the world containd;  
 And as the ignorant and simple age  
 Of our forefathers, blinded in their zeal,  
 Receiv'd dark answers from *Appollo's* shrine,  
 And honour'd him as Patron of their blifs;  
 So I, not muffled in simplicitie,  
 Zealous indeed of nothing but my good,  
 Hast to the *Augur* of my happiness,  
 To lay the ground of my ensuing Wars.  
 He learns his wisdom, not by flight of Birds,  
 By prying into sacrificed beasts,  
 By Hares that cross the way, by howling Wolves,  
 By gazing on the Starry Element,  
 Or vain imaginary calculations;  
 But from a settled wisdom in it self  
 Which teacheth to be void of passion.  
 To be Religious as the ravenous Wolf,  
 Who loves the Lamb for hunger, and for prey;  
 To threaten our inferiors with our looks;  
 To flatter our Superiors at our need;  
 To be an outward Saint, an inward Devill;  
 These are the lectures that my Master reads.  
 This Key commands all Chambers in the Court;  
 Now on a sudain will I try his wit,  
 I know my coming is unlook'd for.

*He opens the door, and finds Lorenzo sleep a loft.*  
 Nay sleep, *Lorenzo*, I will walk a while.  
 As nature in the framing of the world;  
 Ordain'd there should be *nihil vacuum*;  
 Even so me thinks his wisdom should contrive,  
 That all his Study should be full of wit,  
 And every corner stuff with sentences?  
 What's this? *Plato*? *Aristotle*? tush these are ordinary;  
 It seems this is a note but newly written. [*He reads a note*  
*which he finds among his Books.*  
 Una



*Una arbuſta non alit duos Erithicos ; which being granted, the Roman Empire will not ſuffice Alphonſus King of Caſtile, and Richard Earl of Cornwall his competitor; thy wiſdom teacheth thee to cleave to the ſtrongeſt ; Alphonſus is in poſſeſſion, and therefore the ſtrongeſt, but he is in hatred with the Electors, and men rather honour the Sun riſing than the Sun going down. I marry this is argued like himſelf, and now me thinks he wakes.*

[*Lorenzo* Riſeth, and ſnatches at his ſword which hung by his Bed ſide.]

*Loren.* What are there thieves within the Emperour's Court? Villain thou dy'ſt ; what mak'ſt thou in my Chamber?

*Alphon.* How now *Lorenzo*, wilt thou ſlay thy Lord?

*Loren.* I do beſeech your ſacred Maſteſty to pardon me, I did not know your grace.

*Alphon.* Ly down *Lorenzo*, I will ſit by thee,  
The ayr is ſharp and piercing ; tremble not,  
Had it been any other but our ſelf,  
He muſt have been a villain and a thief.

*Loren.* Alas my Lord! what means your excellence,  
To walk by night in theſe ſo dangerous times?

*Alphon.* Have I not reaſon now to walk and watch,  
When I am compaſt with ſo many foes?  
They ward, they watch, they caſt, and they conſpire,  
To win confederate Princes to their aid,  
And batter down the Eagle from my creſt.  
O, my *Lorenzo*, if thou help me not,  
Th' Imperial Crown is ſhaken from my head,  
And giv'n from me unto an Engliſh Earl.  
Thou knoweſt how all things ſtand as well as we,  
Who are our enemies, and who our friends,  
Who muſt be threatned, and who dallyed with,  
Who won by words, and who by force of arms;  
For all the honour I have done to thee.  
Now ſpeak, and ſpeak to purpoſe in the cauſe;  
Nay reſt thy body, labour with thy brain,  
And of thy words my ſelf will be the ſcribe.

*Loren.* Why then my Lord, take Paper, Pen and Ink,  
Write firſt this maxim, it ſhall do you good.

1. A Prince muſt be of the nature of the Lion and the Fox ; but not the one without the other.

*Alphon.*

*Alphon.* The Fox is subtil, but he wanteth force;  
 The Lion strong, but icorneth policie;  
 I'll imitate *Lysander* in this point,  
 And where the Lion's hide is thin and scant,  
 I'll firmly patch it with the Foxes fell.  
 Let it suffice I can be both in one.

*Loren.* 2. A Prince above all things must seem devout;  
 but there is nothing so dangerous to his state, as to regard  
 his promise or his oath.

*Alphon.* Tush, fear not me, my promises are sound,  
 But he that trusts them shall be sure to fail.

*Loren.* Nay my good Lord, but that I know your Majesty,  
 To be a ready quickwitted Scholar,  
 I would bestow a comment on the text.

3. Trust not a reconciled friend; for good turns cannot  
 blot out old grudges.

*Alphon.* Then must I watch the *Palatine* of the *Rhein*,  
 I caus'd his Father to be put to death.

*Loren.* Your Highness hath as little cause to trust  
 The dangerous mighty Duke of *Saxony*;  
 You know, you sought to banish him the Land;  
 And as for *Cullen*, was not he the first  
 That sent for *Richard* into *Germany*?

*Alphon.* What's thy opinion of the other four?

*Alphon.* That *Bohemia* neither cares for one nor other,  
 But hopes this deadly strife between you twain,  
 Will cast th' Imperial Crown upon his head.  
 For *Trier* and *Brandenberg*, I think of them  
 As simple men that wish the common good;  
 And as for *Mentz* I need not censure him,  
*Richard* hath chain'd him in a golden bond,  
 And sav'd his life from ignominious death.

*Alphon.* Let it suffice, *Lorenzo*, that I know,  
 When *Churfurst Mentz* was taken Prisoner,  
 By young victorious *Otho* Duke of *Brunschweige*  
 That *Richard* Earl of *Cornwall* did disburse  
 The rancome of a King, a million,  
 To save his life, and rid him out of bands,  
 That sum of gold did fill the *Brunschweige* bags;  
 But since my self have rain'd a golden shower.



Of bright Hungarian Ducates and Cruadoes,  
 Into the private Coffers of the Bishop,  
 The English Angels took their wings and fled;  
 My crosses buy his Coffers, and plead for me,  
 His Voice is mine, bought with ten run of Gold,  
 And at the meeting of the seven Electors,  
 His Princely double-dealing holiness  
 Will spoyl the English Emperour of hope.  
 But I refer these matters to the sequel.  
 Proceed *Lorenzo* forward to the next.

*Loren.* I'm glad your grace hath dealt so cunningly,  
 With that victorious fickle minded Prelate; for in election  
 his voice is first but to the next.

4. 'Tis more safety for a Prince to be feared than loved.

*Alphon.* Love is an humour pleaseth him that loves;  
 Let me be hated, so I please my self.  
 Love is an humour mild and changeable;  
 But fear engraves a reverence in the heart.

*Loren.* 5. To keep an usurped Crown, a Prince must  
 swear, forswear, poyson, murder, and commit all kind of vil-  
 lanies, provided it be cunningly kept from the eye of the  
 world.

*Alphon.* But my *Lorenzo* that's the hardest point,  
 It is not for a Prince to execute,  
 Physicians and Apothecaries must know,  
 And servile fear or Counsel-breaking bribes,  
 Will from a Peasant in an hour extort  
 Enough to overthrow a Monarchy.

*Loren.* Therefore my Lord set down this sixth and last  
 Article.

6. Be alwaies jealous of him that knows your secrets,  
 And therefore it behooves you credit few;  
 And when you grow into the least suspect,  
 With silent cunning must you cut them off.  
 As for example, *Julio Lentulus*,  
 A most renowned *Neapolitan*,  
 Gave me this Box of poyson, 'twas not long  
 But therewithall I sent him to his grave.

*Alphon.* And what's the special vertue of the same?

*Loren.* That it is twenty days before it works.

*Alphon.* But what is this?

*Loren.*

*Loren.* This an infection that kills suddainly;  
This but a toy to cast a man asleep.

*Alphon.* How? being drunk?

*Loren.* No, being smelt unto.

*Alphon.* Then smell *Lorenzo*, I did break thy sleep;  
And, for this time, this lecture shall suffice.

*Loran.* What have you done my Lord? y'ave made  
me safe,

For stirring hence these four and twenty hours.

*Alphon.* I see this charms his senses suddainly.  
How now *Lorenzo*, half asleep already?

*Aeneas Pilot* by the God of dreams,

Was never lul'd into a sounder trance;

And now *Alphonsus* over-read thy notes.

[*He reads.*

These are already at my fingers ends,

And lest the world should find this little Schedule,

Thus will I rend the text, and after this,

On my behaviour set so fair a glois,

That men shall take me for a Convertite;

But some may think, I should forget my part,

And have been over rash in renting it,

To put them out of doubt I study sure,

I'll make a backward repetition,

In being jealous of my Counsel keepers,

This is the poyson that kills suddainly,

So didst thou unto *Julius Lentulus*,

And blood with blood must be requited thus.

Now am I safe, and no man knows my Counsels.

*Churfurst* of *Mentz*, if now thou play thy part,

Erning thy gold with cunning workmanship,

Upon the *Bernish* Kings ambition,

*Richard* shall shamefully fail of his hope,

And I with triumph keep my Emperie.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King of Bohemia, the Bishops of Mentz, Collen,*

*Trier, the Pallatine of the Rhein, The Duke of Saxon,*

*The Marquess of Brandenburg.*

*Bohe.* *Churfursts* and Princes of the Election,  
Since by the adverse fortune of our age,  
The sacred and Impetial Majesty

Hath



Hath been usurp'd by open Tyranny,  
We the seven Pillars of the German Empire,  
To whom successively it doth belong  
To make election of our Emperours,  
Are here assembled to unite a new  
Unto her former strength and glorious type,  
Our half declining Roman Monarchy,  
And in that hope, I *Henry King of Bohem,*  
*Churfurst* and Sewer to the Emperour,  
Do take my seat next to the sacred throne.

*Mentz.* Next seat belongs to *Julius Florius*  
Archbishop of *Mentz*, Chancelor of *Germany*,  
By birth the Duke of fruitful *Pomerland*.

*Pal.* The next place in election longs to me,  
*George Cassimirus* Palsgrave of the *Rhein*,  
His Highness Taster, and upon my knee  
I vow a pure sincere innated zeal  
Unto my Country, and no wrested hate,  
Or private love shall blind mine intellect.

*Collen.* Brave Duke of *Saxon*, Dutchlands greatest hope,  
Stir now or never, let the Spanish tyrant,  
That hath dishonoured us, murder'd our Friends,  
And stain'd this seat with blood of innocents,  
At last be chastis'd with the *Saxon* sword,  
And may *Albertus* Archbishop of *Collen*,  
Chancelor of *Gallia* and the fourth Elector;  
Be thought unworthy of his place and birth,  
But he assist thee to his utmost power.

*Sax.* Wisdom, not words, must be the sovereign salve,  
To search and heal these grievous festred wounds,  
And in that hope *Augustus* Duke of *Saxon*,  
Arch-Marshall to the Emperour take my place.

*Trier.* The like doth *Frederick* Arch-Bishop of *Trier*,  
Duke of *Lorrain*, Chancelour of *Italie*.

*Bran.* The seventh and last is *Joachim Carolus*,  
Marquess of *Brandenburg*, overworn with age,  
Whose Office is to be the Treasurer;  
But Wars have made the Coffers like the Chair.  
Peace bringeth plenty, Wars bring poverty;  
Grant Heavens, this meeting may be to effect,  
Establish Peace, and cut off Tyrannie.

Enter

*Enter the Empreß Isabella King John's Daughter,*

*Empreß.* Pardon my bold intrusion mighty *Churfurfts*,  
 And let my words pierce deeply in your hearts.  
 O ! I beseech you on my bended Knees,  
 I the poor miserable Empreß,  
 A stranger in this Land, unu'd to broyls,  
 Wife to the one, and Sitter to the other  
 That are Competitors for Sovereignty;  
 All that I pray, is, make a quiet end;  
 Make Peace between my Husband and my Brother.  
 O think how grief doth stand on either side,  
 If either party chance to be amiss;  
 My Husband is my Husband; but my Brother,  
 My heart doth melt to think he should miscarry.  
 My Brother is my Brother; but my Husband,  
 O how my joints do shake fearing his wrong!  
 If both should dye in these uncertain broyls.  
 O me, why do I live to think upon't!  
 Beat with my interrupted speeches Lords,  
 Tears stop my voice, your wisdoms know my meaning.  
 Alas I know my Brother *Richard's* heart  
 Affects not Empire, he would rather choose  
 To make return again to *Palestine*,  
 And be a scourge unto the Infidels;  
 As for my Lord, he is impatient,  
 The more my grief, the lesser is my hope,  
 Yet Princes thus he sends you word by me,  
 He will submit himself to your award,  
 And labour to amend what is amiss.  
 All I have said, or can device to say,  
 Is few words of great worth, Make unity.

*Bohe.* Madam, that we have suffer'd you to kneel so long,  
 Agrees not with your dignity nor ours;  
 Thus we excuse it, when we once are set,  
 In solemn Council of Election,  
 We may not rise till somewhat be concluded.  
 So much for that; touching your earnest sute,  
 Your Majestie doth know how it concerns us,  
 Comfort your self, as we do hope the best;

But



But tell us, Madam, wher's your Husband now?

*Empress.* I left him at his prayers, good my Lord.

*Saxon.* At prayers? Madam, that's a miracle.

*Pall.* Vndoubtedly your Highness did mistake;

'Twas sure some Book of Conjurat[i]on;

I think he never said pray'r in his life.

*Empress.* Ah me, my fear, I fear, will take effect;

Your hate to him, and love unto my Brother,

Will break my heart, and spoil th' Imperial peace.

*Mentz.* My Lord of *Saxon*, and Prince *Pallatine*,

This hard opinion yet is more than needs;

But, gracious Madam, leave us to our selves.

*Empress.* I go, and Heav'n that holds the Hearts of Kings,  
Direct your Counsels unto unity.

*Exit.*

*Bohe.* Now to the depth of that we have in hand;

This is the question, whether the King of *Spain*

Shall still continue in the Royal throne,

Or yield it up unto *Plantagenet*,

Or we proceed unto a third Election.

*Saxon.* E're such a viperous blood-thirsty Spaniard

Shall suck the hearts of our Nobility,

Th' Imperial Sword which *Saxony* doth bear,

Shall be unsheath'd to War against the world.

*Pall.* My hate is more than words can testifie,

Slave as he is he murdered my Father.

*Coll.* Prince *Richard* is the Champion of the world,  
Learned, and mild, fit for the Government.

*Bohe.* And what have we to do with Englishmen?

They are divided from our Continent.

But now that we may orderly proceed

To our high Office of Election,

To you my Lord of *Mentz* it doth belong,

Having first voice in this Imperial Synod,

To name a worthy man for Emperour.

(ces,

*Mentz.* It may be thought, most grave and reverend Prin-

That in respect of divers sums of gold,

Which *Richard* of meer charitable love,

Not as a bribe, but as a deed of Alms,

Disburs'd for me unto the Duke of *Brunschweige*,

That I dare name no other man but he,

Or should I nominate an other Prince,  
 Upon the contrary I may be thought  
 A most ingrateful wretch unto my Friend ;  
 But private cause must yield to publick good ;  
 Therefore me thinks it were the fittest course,  
 To choose the worthiest upon this Bench.

*Bohem.* We are all Germans, why should we be yoak'd  
 Either by Englishmen or Spaniards ?

*Saxo.* The Earl of *Cornwall* by a full consent  
 Was sent for out of *England*.

*Mentz.* Though he were,  
 Our later thoughts are purer than our first,  
 And to conclude, I think this end were best,  
 Since we have once chosen him Emperour,  
 That some great Prince of wisdom and of power,  
 Whose countenance may overbear his pride,  
 Be joynd in equal Government with *Alphonfus*.

*Bohem.* Your Holiness hath soundly in few words  
 Set down a mean to quiet all these broyls.

*Trier.* So may we hope for peace if he amend ;  
 But shall Prince *Richard* then be joynd with him ?

*Pal.* Why should your Highness ask that question ?  
 As if a Prince of so high Kingly Birth,  
 Would live in couples with so base a Cur ?

*Bohe.* Prince *Pallatine*, such words do ill become thee.

*Saxon.* He said but right, and call'd a Dog a Dog.

*Bohe.* His Birth is Princely.

*Saxo.* His manners villanous,  
 And vertuous *Richard* scorns so base a yoak.

*Bohe.* My Lord of *Saxon*, give me leave to tell you,  
 Ambition blinds your judgement in this case ;  
 You hope, if by your means *Richard* be Emperour,  
 He, in requital of so great advancement,  
 Will make the long-desired Marriage up  
 Between the Prince of *England* and your Sister,  
 And to that end *Edward* the Prince of *Wales*,  
 Hath born his Uncle Company to *Germany*.

*Saxo.* Why King of *Bohem* i't unknown to thee,  
 How oft the *Saxons* Sons have married Queens,  
 And Daughters Kings, yea mightiest Emperours ?



If *Edward* like her beauty and behaviour,  
He'll make no question of her Princely Birth;  
But let that pass, I say, as erst I said,  
That vertuous *Richard* scorns so base a yolk.

*Mentz.* If *Richard* scorn, some one upon this Bench,  
Whose power may overbear *Alphonfus* pride,  
Is to be named. What think you my Lords?

*Saxon.* I think it was a mighty mass of Gold,  
That made your grace of this opinion.

*Mentz.* My Lord of *Saxony*, you wrong me much,  
And know I highly scorn to take a bribe.

*Pal.* I think you scorn indeed to have it known:  
But to the purpose, if it must be so,  
Who is the fittest man to joyn with him?

*Collen.* First with an Oxe to plough will I be yok'd.

*Mentz.* The fittest is your grace in mine opinion.

*Bohem.* I am content, to stay these mutinies,  
To take upon me what you do impose.

*Saxon.* Why here's a tempest quickly overblown.  
God give you joy my Lord of half the Empire;  
For me I will not meddle in the matter,  
But warn your Majestie to have a care,  
And vigilant respect unto your person,  
I'll hie me home to fortifie my Towns,  
Not to offend, but to defend my self.

*Pal.* Ha' with you Cofin, and adieu my Lords,  
I am afraid this suddain knitted Peace,  
Will turn unto a tedious lasting War;  
Only thus much we do request you all,  
Deal honourably with the Earl of *Cornwall*,  
And so adieu.

*Exeunt. Saxon. and Pal.*

*Brand.* I like not this strange Farewel of the Dukes.

*Bohem.* In all elections some are malcontent.  
It doth concern us now with speed to know,  
How the Competitors will like of this,  
And therefore you my Lord Archbishop of *Trier*,  
Impart this order of arbitrament  
Unto the Emperour, bid him be content,  
To stand content with half, or lose the whole.  
My Lord of *Mentz* go you unto Prince *Richard*,

And tell him flatly here's no Crown, nor Empire  
For English Islanders; tell him, 'twere his best,  
To hie him home to help the King his Brother,  
Against the Earl of *Leicester* and the Barons.

*Collen.* My Lord of *Mentz*, sweet words will qualifie,  
When bitter tearms will adde unto his rage.  
'Tis no small hope that hath deceiv'd the Duke;  
Therefore be mild; I know an Englishman,  
Being flattered, is a Lamb, threatned, a Lion;  
Tell him his charges what so e're they are  
Shalbe repaid with treble vantages;  
Do this; we will expect their resolutions.

*Mentz.* Brother of *Collen*, I entreat your grace  
To take this charge upon you in my stead;  
For why I shame to look him in the face.

*Collen.* Your Holiness shall pardon me in this,  
Had I the profit I would take the pains;  
With shame enough your Grace may bring the message.

*Mentz.* Thus am I wrong'd, God knows, unguiltily.

*Brand.* Then arm your countenance with innocency,  
And boldly do the message to the Prince;  
For no man else will be the messenger.

*Mentz.* Why then I must, since ther's no remedy. [*Exit.*

*Brand.* If Heav'n that guides the hearts of [*Mentz*  
mighty men,

Do calm the Winds of these great Potentates,  
And make them like of this Arbitrament,  
Sweet Peace will triumph thorough Christendom,  
And *Germany* shall blefs this happy day.

*Enter Alexander de Toledo the Page.*

*Alexand.* O me most miserable! O my dear Father!

*Bohem.* What means this passionate accent? what art thou  
That sounds these acclamations in our ears?

*Alex.* Pardon me Princes, I have lost a Father,

O me, the name of Father kills my heart.

O! I shall never see my Father more,

H'as tane his leave of me for age and age.

*Collen.* What was thy Father?

*Alex.* Ah me! what was a not?

Noble,



Noble, Rich, valiant, well-belov'd of all,  
The glory and the wisdom of his age,  
Chief Secretary to the Emperour.

*Collen.* Lorenzo de Toledo, is he dead?

*Alex.* Dead, ay me dead, ay me my life is dead,  
Strangely this night bereft of breath and sense,  
And I, poor I, am comforted in nothing,  
But that the Emperour laments with me,  
As I exclaim, so he, he rings his hands,  
And makes me mad to see his Majesty  
Excruciate himself with endless sorrow.

*Collen.* The happiest news that ever I did hear;  
Thy Father was a villain murderer,  
Witty, not wise, lov'd like a Scorpion,  
Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,  
The chiefest cause of all these mutinies,  
And Caesar's tutor to all villanie.

*Alex.* None but an open lyar terms him so.

*Col.* What Boy, so malepert?

*Bohem.* Good Collen bear with him, it was his Father,  
Dutch-land is blessed in Lorenzo's Death.

*Brand.* Did never live a viler minded man.

*Exeunt.* Manet Alex.

*Alex.* Nor King, nor Churfurst should be privileg'd  
To call me Boy, and rayl upon my Father,  
Were I wehrfafflig; but in Germany,  
A man must be a Boy at 40. years,  
And dares not draw his weapon at a Dog,  
Till being soundly box'd about the ears,  
His Lord and Master gird him with a sword;  
The time will come I shall be made a man,  
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire revenge,  
And live in Hell untill I take revenge.

And tell him flatly here's no Crown, nor Empire  
For English Islanders; tell him, 'twere his best,  
To hie him home to help the King his Brother,  
Against the Earl of *Leicester* and the Barons.

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To take this charge upon you in my stead;  
For why I shame to look him in the face.

*Collen.* Your Holiness shall pardon me in this,  
Had I the profit I would take the pains;  
With shame enough your Grace may bring the message.

*Mentz.* Thus am I wrong'd, God knows, unguiltily.

*Brand.* Then arm your countenance with innocency,  
And boldly do the message to the Prince;  
For no man else will be the messenger.

*Mentz.* Why then I must, since ther's no remedy. [Exit.

*Brand.* If Heav'n that guides the hearts of [Mentz  
mighty men,

Do calm the Winds of these great Potentates,  
And make them like of this Arbitrament,  
Sweet Peace will triumph thorough Christendom,  
And *Germany* shall blest this happy day.

Enter *Alexander de Toledo* the Page.

*Alexand.* O me most miserable! O my dear Father!

*Bohem.* What means this passionate accent? what art thou  
That sounds these acclamations in our ears?

*Alex.* Pardon me Princes, I have lost a Father,  
O me, the name of Father kills my heart.

O! I shall never see my Father more,  
H'as tane his leave of me for age and age.

*Collen.* What was thy Father?

*Alex.* Ah me! what was a not?

Noble,



Noble, Rich, valiant, well-belov'd of all,  
The glory and the wisdom of his age,  
Chief Secretary to the Emperour.

*Collen.* Lorenzo de Toledo, is he dead?

*Alex.* Dead, ay me dead, ay me my life is dead,  
Strangely this night bereft of breath and sense,  
And I, poor I, am comforted in nothing,  
But that the Emperour laments with me,  
As I exclaim, so he, he rings his hands,  
And makes me mad to see his Majesty  
Excruciate himself with endless sorrow.

*Collen.* The happiest news that ever I did hear;  
Thy Father was a villain murderer,  
Witty, not wise, lov'd like a Scorpion,  
Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,  
The chiefest cause of all these mutinies,  
And Caesar's tutor to all villanie.

*Alex.* None but an open lyar terms him so.

*Col.* What Boy, so malepert?

*Bohem.* Good Collen bear with him, it was his Father,  
Dutch-land is blessed in Lorenzo's Death.

*Brand.* Did never live a viler minded man.

*Exeunt.* Manet Alex.

*Alex.* Nor King, nor Churfurst should be privileg'd  
To call me Boy, and rayl upon my Father, —  
Were I wehrsattlig; but in Germany,  
A man must be a Boy at 40. years,  
And dares not draw his weapon at a Dog,  
Till being soundly box'd about the ears,  
His Lord and Master gird him with a sword;  
The time will come I shall be made a man,  
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire revenge,  
And live in Hell untill I take revenge.

## A C T. II.

*Enter Alphonfus, Richard Earl of Cornwall, Mentz, Trier,  
Prince Edward, Bohemia, Collen, Brandenburge,  
Attendants, and Pages with a sword.*

*Bohem.* Behold here come the Princes hand in hand,  
Pleas'd highly with the sentence as it seems.

*Alphon.* Princes and Pillars of the Monarchy,  
We do admire your wisdoms in this cause,  
And do accept the King of *Bohemia*,  
As worthy partner in the Government.  
Alas my Lords, I flatly now confess,  
I was alone too weak to underprop  
So great a burden as the Roman Empire,  
And hope to make you all admire the course  
That we intend in this conjunction.

*Richard.* That I was call'd from *England* with consent  
Of all the seven Electors to this place,  
Your selves best know, who wrote for me to come.  
'Twas no ambition mov'd me to the journey,  
But pitty of your half declining State;  
Which being likely now to be repayr'd,  
By the united force of these two Kings,  
I rest content to see you satisfied.

*Mentz.* Brave Ear!, wonder of Princely patience,  
I hope your grace will not mis-think of me,  
Who for your good, and for the Empires best,  
Bethought this means to set the world at Peace. (upon,

*Edward.* No doubt this means might have been thought  
Although your Holiness had dy'd in Prison.

*Mentz.* Peace, peace young Prince, you want experience;  
Your Unckie knows what cares accompany,  
And wait upon the Crowns of mightiest Kings,  
And glad he is that he hath shak'd it off.

*Edward.* Heark in your ear my Lord, hear me one word,  
Although it were more than a million,  
Which these two Kings bestow'd upon your grace,  
Mine Unckle *Richards* million sav'd your life.

*Mentz.* You were best to say, your Vnckle brib'd me  
then. *Edward.*



*Edward.* I do but say mine Vnckle sav'd your life,  
You know Count *Mansfield* your fellow Prisoner,  
Was by the Duke of *Brunschwig* put to death.

*Mentz.* You are a Child my Lord, your words are wind.

*Edward.* You are a Fox my Lord, and past a Child.

*Bohem.* My Lord of *Cornwall*, your great forwardness,  
Crossing the Seas with aid of Englishmen,  
Is more than we can any way requite ;  
But this your admirable patience,  
In being pleas'd with our election,  
Deserves far more than thanks can satisfie,  
In any thing command the Emperours,  
Who live to honour *Richard* Earl of *Cornwall*.

*Alpho.* Our deeds shall make our Protestations good,  
Mean while, brave Princes, let us leave this place,  
And solace us with joy of this accord.

*Enter Isabella the Emperess, Hedewick the Duke of Saxon's  
Daughter, apparelled like Fortune, drawn on a Globe,  
with a Cup in her hand, wherein are Bay leaves,  
whereupon are written the lots. A train  
of Ladies following with Musick.*

*Emperess.* To gratulate this unexpected Peace,  
This glorious league confirm'd against all hope,  
Joyful *Isabella* doth present this shew,  
Of Fortunes triumph, as the custom is  
At Coronation of our Emperours ;  
If therefore every party be well pleas'd,  
And stand content with this arbitrement,  
Then daign to do as your Progenitors,  
And draw in sequence Lots for Offices.

*Alphon.* This is an order here in *Germany*,  
For Princes to disport themselves with all,  
In sign their hearts so firmly are conjoyn'd,  
That they will bear all fortunes equally,  
And that the world may know I scorn no state,  
Or course of life to do the Empire good,  
I take my chance : My Fortune is to be the Forrester.

*Emp.* If we want Venson either red or fallow,

Wild bore or bear, you must be fin'd my Lord.

*Bohem.* The Emperour's Taster I.

*Emp.* Your Majesty hath been tatted to so oft,  
That you have need of small instructions.

*Richard.* I am the bowr, Sister what is my charge?

*Emp.* Tyr'd like a Carter, and a Clownish Bowr,  
To bring a load of Wood into the Kitchin.  
Now for my self, Faith I am Chamber Maid,  
I know my charge; proceed unto the next.

*Alphon.* Prince Edward standeth melancholy still,  
Please it your Grace, my Lord, to draw your lot.

*Emp.* Nephew you must be solemn with the sad,  
And given to myrth in sportful Company,  
The German Princes when they will be lusty,  
Shake of all cares, and Clowns and they are Fellows.

*Edward.* Sweet Aunt, I do not know the Country guise,  
Yet would be glad to learn all fashions.  
Since I am next, good Fortune be my guide.

*Brand.* A most ingenuous countenance hath this Prince,  
Worthy to be the King of England's Heir.

*Edward.* Be it no disparagement to you my Lords,  
I am your Emperour.

*Alphon.* Sound trumpets, God save the Emperour.

*Collen.* The world could never worse have fitted me,  
I am not old enough to be the Cook.

*Empress.* If you be Cook, there is no remedy  
But you must dress one Mess of meat your self.

*Branden.* I am Physician.

*Trier.* I am Secretary.

*Mentz.* I am the Jester.

*Edward.* O excellent! is your Holiness the Vice?  
Fortune hath fitted you y'faith my Lord,  
You'll play the Ambodexter cunningly.

*Mentz.* Your Highness is to bitter in your Jest.

*Alphon.* Come hither *Alexander*, to comfort thee,  
After the death of thy beloved Father,  
Whose life was deer unto his Emperour,  
Thou shalt make one in this solemnity,  
Yet e're thou draw, my self will honour thee,  
And as the custom is make thee a man.

Stand



Stand stiff Sir Boy, now com'st thou to thy tryal;  
Take this, and that, and therewithall this Sword; *He gives A-*  
If while thou live, thou ever take the like, *lexander a*  
Of me, or any man, I here pronounce *Box on the*  
Thou art a schelm, otherwise a man. *ear or two.*  
Now draw thy lot, and Fortune be thy speed.

*Edward.* Vnckle I pray why did he box the fellow?  
Foul lubber as he is, to take such blows.

*Richard.* Thus do the Princes make their Pages men.

*Edward.* But that is strange to make a man with blows.  
We say in *England* that he is a man,  
That like a man dare meet his enemy,  
And in my judgement 'tis the sounder tryal.

*Alex.* Fortune hath made me Marshall of the triumphs.

*Alphon.* Now what remains?

*Emperess.* That Fortune draw her lot.

*She opens it, and gives it to the Emperess to read.*

*Emperess.* Sound trumpets, Fortune is your Emperess.

*Alphon.* This happens right; for Fortune will be Queen.  
Now Emperour you must unmask her face,  
And tell us how you like your Emperess,  
In my opinion *England* breeds no fairer.

*Bohe.* Fair *Hedewick* the Duke of *Saxons* daughter,  
Young Prince of *England*, you are bravely match'd.

*Edward.* Tell me sweet Aunt, is that this *Saxon* Princess,  
Whose beauties fame made *Edward* cross the Seas?

*Emperess.* Nephew, it is; hath fame been prodigal,  
Or over sparing in the Princess praile?

*Edward.* Fame I accuse thee, thou did'st niggardize,  
And faintly sound my loves perfections.  
Great Lady Fortune, and fair Emperess,  
Whom chance this day hath thrown into my arms,  
More welcome than the Roman Emperess. *[Edward k's]*

*Hede.* See doch, das ist hier kein gebrauch, *ses her.*  
Mein Got ist das dir Englisch manier, das dich.

*Edward.* What meaneth this? why chafes my Emperess?

*Alphon.* Now by my troth, I did expect this jest,  
Prince *Edward* us'd his Country fashion.

*Edward.* I am an Englishman, why should I not?

18  
ALPHONSO  
Emp. Fy Nephew Edward, here in Germany  
To kiss a Maid, a fault intollerable.

Edward. Why should not German Maids be kist aswell  
as others?

Richard. Nephew, because you did not know the fashion,  
And want the language to excuse your self,  
I'll be your spokes-man to your Emperess.

Edward. Excuse it thus: I like the first so well,  
That tell her, she shall chide me twice as much  
For such an other; nay tell her more than so,  
I'll double kiss on kiss, and give her leave  
To chide and brail, and cry ten thousand *Dass dich*,  
And make her weary of her fretting humour,  
E're I be weary of my kissing vein,  
*Dass dich* a Jangfraw angry for a kiss.

Empress. Nephew, she thinks you mock her in her mirth.

Edward. I think the Princes make a scorn of me.  
If any do, I'll prove it with my Sword,  
That English Courtship leaves it from the world.

Bohem. The pleasant'st accident that I have seen.

Bran. Me thinks the Prince is chaf'd as well as she.

Rich. *Gnediges fräwlin*.

Hede. *Dass dich, must ich arme kindt zu schanden gemacht  
werden.*

Edward. *Dass dich* I have kist as good as you,  
Pray Uncle tell her; if she mi like the kiss,  
I'll take it offagen with such an other.

Rich. *Op Urbes fräwlin nimm es all fur gutt  
Es ist die Englisch manier Und gebrauch.*

Hede. *Elwer gnaden weissts woll es ist mir ein grosse  
schande.* (pardon.

Edward. Good Aunt teach me so much Dutch to ask her

Empress. Say so: *Gnediges fräwlin vergebet mirs, ich wills  
nimmermehr thun,*

Then kiss your hand three times *upst* Dutch. (right,

Edward. *Ich wills nimmermehr thun,* if I understand it,  
That's as much to say, as I'll do so no more.

Empr. True Nephew.

Edward. Nay Aunt pardon me I pray, I hope to kiss her  
many thousand times,

And



And shall I go to her like a great Boy, and say I'll do so no more.

*Empress.* I pray Cofin say as I tell you.

*Edward.* Gnediges frawlin vergebet mirs ich wills nimmermehr thun.

*Alphon.* For wahr kein schandt.

*Hedew.* Gnediger hochgebozner Fürst vndt herr  
Was ich konte so vil engliſch ſprechen ich wolt etwer Gnaden.

Fur wahr ein ſilt; geben, ich hoſſe aber ich ſoll etwamahl  
So viel lernen daſs Die mich verſtehen ſoll.

*Edward.* What ſays ſhe?

*Alphon.* O excellent young Prince look to your ſelf,  
She ſwears ſhe'll learn ſome Engliſh for your ſake,  
To make you underſtand her when ſhe chides.

*Edward.* I'll teach her Engliſh, ſhe ſhall teach me Dutch,  
Gnediges frawlin, &c.

*Bohem.* It is great pittie that the Duke of Saxon,  
Is abſent at this joyful accident,  
I ſee no reaſon if his Grace were here,  
But that the Marriage might be ſolemniz'd,  
I think the Prince of Wales were well content.

*Edward.* I left ſweet England to none other end;  
And though the Prince her Father be not here,  
This Royal preſence knows his mind in this.

*Emp.* Since you do come ſo roundly to the purpoſe,  
'Tis time for me to ſpeak, the Maid is mine,  
Giv'n freely by her Father unto me,  
And to the end theſe broyls may have an end,  
I give the Father's intereſt and mine own,  
Unto my Nephew Edward Prince of Wales.

*Edward.* A Jewel of incomparable price,  
Your Maieſty hath here beſtowed on me,  
How ſhall I aſk her if ſhe be content?

*Empr.* Say thus, ſit etwer gnaden woll hiemit zufrieden.

*Edward.* Sit etwer Gnaden woll hiemit zufrieden.

*Hede.* Was ihr darlechtigkeiſt daſs will daſs will mein  
vatter vndt

Was mein vatter will darmit muſs ich zufrieden ſein.

*Alphon.* It is enough, ſhe doth confirm the match;

We will dispatch a Post unto her Father,  
 On Sunday shall the Revels and the Wedding,  
 Be both solemnized with mutual joy.  
 Sound trumpets, each one look unto his charge,  
 For preparation of the Festivals.

*Exeunt.*

*Manent Alphonsus and Alexander.*

*Alphon.* Come hither *Alexander*, thy Fathers joy.  
 If tears and sighs, and deep-fetcht deadly groans,  
 Could serve t' evert inexorable fate,  
 Divine *Lorenzo*, whom in life my heart,  
 In death my soul and better part adores,  
 Had to thy comfort and his Prince's honour,  
 Surviv'd, and drawn this day this breath of life.

*Alexan.* Dread *Cesar*, prostrate on my bended Knee,  
 I thank your Majesty for all favours shewn  
 To my deceased Father and my self.  
 I must confess, I spend but bootless tears,  
 Yet cannot bridle nature, I must weep,  
 Or heart will break with burden of my thoughts;  
 Nor am I yet so young or fond withall,  
 Causeless to spend my gall, and fret my heart,  
 'Tis not that he is dead, for all must dye;  
 But that I live to hear his lives reproach.  
 O sacred Emperour, these ears have heard,  
 What no Sons ears can unrevenge'd hear,  
 The Princes all of them, but specially,  
 The Prince Elector Archbishop of *Collen*,  
 Revil'd him by the names of murderer,  
 Arch villain, robber of the Empires fame,  
 And *Cesars* tutor in all wickedness,  
 And with a general voice applaus'd his death,  
 As for a special good to Christendome.

*Alphon.* Have they not reason to applaud the deed  
 Which they themselves have plotted? ah my Boy,  
 Thou art too young to dive into their drifts.

*Alex.* Yet old enough I hope to be reveng'd.

*Alphon.* What wilt thou do, or whither wilt thou run?

*Alex.* Headlong to bring them death, then dye my self.

*Alphon.* First hear the reason why I do mistrust them.

*Alex.*



*Alex.* They had no reason for my Father's death,  
And I scorn reason till they all be dead.

*Alphon.* Thou wilt not scorn my Counsel in revenge?

*Alex.* My rage admits no Counsel but revenge.

*Alphon.* First let me tell thee whom I do mistrust.

*Alex.* Your Highness said you did mistrust them all.

*Alpho.* Yea *Alexander*, all of them, and more than all,  
In y<sup>e</sup> most especiall neereſt deareſt friends.

*Alex.* All 's one to me, for know thou Emperour,  
Were it thy Father, Brother, or thine Empress,  
Yea were 't thy ſelf, that did'ſt conſpire his death,  
This fatal hand ſhould take away thy life.

*Alphon.* Spoke like a Son, worthy ſo dear a Father.  
Be ſtill and hearken, I will tell thee all,  
The Duke of *Saxon*---

*Alex.* O, I thought no leſſ.

*Alphon.* Suppreſſ thy choler, hearken to the reſt:  
*Saxon* I ſay ſo wrought with flattering *Mentz*,  
*Mentz* with *Bohemia*, *Trier*, and *Brandenburg*,  
For *Collen* and the *Palsgrave* of the *Rhein*  
Were principals with *Saxon* in the Plot,  
That in a general meeting to that purpoſe,  
The ſeven ſelected Emperours electors,  
Moſt hainouſly concluded of the murder;  
The reaſon why they doom'd him unto death,  
Was his deep wiſdom and ſound policy;  
Knowing while he did live my ſtate was firm,  
He being dead my hope muſt dye with him.  
Now *Alexander* will we be reveng'd  
Upon this wicked whore of *Babylon*,  
This hideous monſter with the ſeven-fold head;  
We muſt with cunning level at the heart,  
With pierc'd and perſh all the body dyes:  
Or ſtrike we off her heads by one and one,  
Behooveth us to uſe dexterity,  
Leſt ſhe do tramp'e us under her feet,  
And triumph in our honours overthrow.

*Alex.* Mad and amaz'd to hear this tragick doom,  
I do ſubſcribe unto your ſound advice.

*Alphon.* Then hear the reſt; theſe ſeven gave but theſe ſome

A neerer hand put it in execution,  
 And but I lov'd *Lorenzo* as my life,  
 I never would betray my dearest Wife.

*Alex.* What? what the Empress necessary to?

*Alphon.* What cannot kindred do? her Brother *Richard*,  
 Hoping thereby to be an Emperour,  
 Gave her a dram that sent him to his grave.

*Alex.* O my poor Father, wert thou such an eye-sore,  
 That 9. the greatest Princes of the earth  
 Must be confederate in thy tragedy?  
 But why do I respect their mightiness,  
 Who did not once respect my Fathers life?  
 Your Majesty may take it as you ylea'e,  
 I'll be reveng'd upon your Emperess,  
 On English *Richard*, Saxon, and the Palsgrave,  
 On Bohem, Collen, Mentz, Trier, and Brandenburg,  
 If that the Pope of Rome himself were one  
 In this confederacy, undaunted I,  
 Amidst the College of his Cardinals,  
 Would press, and stab him in St. Peters chair,  
 Though clad in all his *Pontificalibus*.

*Alphon.* Why *Alexander*? do'st thou speak to me  
 As if thou didst mistrust my forwardness?

No, thou shalt know my love to him was such,  
 And in my heart I have proserib'd them all,  
 That had to do in this conspiracy.

The bands of Wedlock shall not serve her turn,  
 Her fatal lot is cast among the rest,

And to conclude, my soul doth live in Hell

Till I have set my foot upon their necks,

That gave this spur of sorrow to my heart;

But with advice it must be managed,

Not with a head-long rage as thou intend'st,

Nor in a moment can it be perform'd,

This work requires long time, dissembling looks,

Commixt with undermining actions,

Watching advantages to execute.

Our foes are mighty, and their number great,

It therefore follows that our Stratagems

Must branch forth into manifold deceits,

Endless



Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

*Alexan.* What by your Majesty is prescrib'd to me,  
That will I execute or dye the death.  
I am content to suck my sorrows up,  
And with dull patience will attend the time,  
Gaping for every opportunity  
That may present the least occasion;  
Although each minute multiply mine anguish,  
And to my view present a thousand forms  
Of senseless bodies in my Fathers shape,  
Yelling with open throat for just revenge.

*Alphon.* Content thy self, he shall not cry in vain,  
I have already plotted *Richards* death.

*Alex.* That hath my Fathers sacred Ghost inspir'd,  
O tell me, shall I stab him suddainly?  
The time seems long, till I be set a work.

*Alphon.* Thou knowest in griping at our lots to day,  
It was Prince *Richard's* hap to be the bowr;  
So that his Office is to drive the Cart,  
And bring a load of Wood into the Kitchin.

*Alex.* O excellent, your Grace being Forester,  
As in the thicket he doth load the Cart,  
May shoot him dead, as if he were a Deer.

*Alphon.* No *Alexander*, that device were shallow,  
Thus it must be, there are two very bowrs  
Appointed for to help him in the Wood,  
These must be brib'd or cunningly seduc'd,  
Instead of helping him to murder him.

*Ale.* *Verbum satis sapienti*, it is enough,  
Fortune hath made me Marshal of the sports  
I hope to Marshal them to th' Devils Feast.  
Plot you the rest, this will I execute,  
Dutch bowrs as rowfandt schelms and gold to tempt them.

*Alphon.* 'Tis right, about it then, but cunningly.

*Alex.* Else let me lose that good opinion  
Which by your Highness I desire to hold,  
By Letters which I'll strew within the Wood,  
I'll undermine the bowrs to murder him,  
Nor shall they know who set them so a work,  
Like a familiar will I fly about,

And.

14  
And nimble haunt their Ghosts in every nook.

*Exit. Manet Alphonsus.*

*Alphon.* This one nayl helps to drive the other out,  
I slew the Father, and bewitch the Son,  
With power of words to be the instrument  
To rid my foes with danger of his life.  
How easily can subtil age intice,  
Such credulous young novices to their death?  
Huge wonders will *Alphonsus* bring to pass,  
By the mad mind of this enraged Boy;  
Even they which think themselves my greatest friends,  
Shall fall by this deceit, yea my Arch-enemies  
Shall turn to be my chief confederates.  
My solitary walks may breed suspect,  
I'll therefore give my self to Companies,  
As I intended nothing but these sports,  
Yet hope to send most actors in this Pageant,  
To Revel it with *Rhadamant* in Hell. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard Earl of Cornwall like a Clown.*

*Richard.* How far is *Richard* now unlike the man  
That crost the Seas to win an Emperie?  
But as I plod it like a plumper Bowr,  
To fetch in Fawel for the Kitchen fire,  
So every one in his vocation,  
Labours to make the pastimes plausible;  
My Nephew *Edward* jets it through the Court,  
With Princess *Hedewick* Empress of his Fortune,  
The demy *Cesar* in his hunters suit,  
Makes all the Court to Ring with Horns and Hounds,  
Collen the Cook bestirs him in the Kitchen;  
But that which joyes me most in all these sports,  
Is *Mentz*, to see how he is made an Ass?  
The common scorn and by-word of the Court;  
And every one to be the same he seems,  
Seems to forget to be the same he is.  
Yet to my roabs I cannot suit my mind,  
Nor with my habit shake dishonour off.  
The seven Electors promis'd me the Empire,  
The perjur'd Bishop *Mentz* did swear no less,

Yet



Yet I have seen it shar'd before my face,  
While my best friends do hide their heads for shame;  
I bear a shew of outward full content,  
But grief thereof hath almost kill'd my heart.  
Here rest thee *Richard*, think upon a mean,  
To end thy life, or to repair thine honour,  
And vow never to see fair *Englands* bounds,  
Till thou in *Aix* be Crowned Emperour.

*Enter two Bowrs.*

Holla, me thinks there cometh Company,  
The Bowrs I troe that come to hew the Wood,  
Which I must carry to the Kitchen Fire,  
I'll lye a while and listen to their talk.

*Enter Hans and Jerick two Dutch Bowrs.*

Je. Kom hier hans woze bist dozo. warumb bist dozo so  
trawzick? bist frolick kan wel gelt verdienen. wir wil ihn  
bey potts tausandt todt schlagen.

Hans. Lat mich die brieffe sehen.

Rich. Me thinks they talk of murdering some body, I'll  
listen more.

*Reads the Letter.*

Hans vnd Jerick. mein liebe freinde, ich bitte laffet es bey  
euch bleiben in geheim, vnd schlaget den Engellander zu  
todt.

Rich. What's that? *Hans vnd Jerick* my good friend, I  
pray be secret and murder the Englishman.

*Jerick reads.*

Hear weiter, den er ist kein bowze nicht, er ist ein Juncker,  
vnd hatt viel gelt vnd kleinothen bey sich.

Rich. For he is no Bowre but a Gentleman, and hath store  
of Gold and Jewels by him.

Jerick. Noch weiter: thz solt solche gelegenheit nicht ver-  
sahmen. vnd war thz gethan habet, ich will euch sagen, was  
ich fur ein guter Karl bin der euch raht gegeben habe.

Rich. Slip not this opportunity, and when you have done,  
I will discover who gave you the Counsell.

Jerick. Was sagst dozo wilt dozo es thun?

Hans. Was will ich nich fur gelt thun? see potts tausend,  
dar ist er.

Jerick. Ja, bey potts tausends flapperment, er ist, holla guter morgen, gluck zu Juncker.

Hans. Juncker, der diuell he is ein boewe!

Rich. Dow bist ein schelm, weich von mir.

Jerick. Holla, holla, bist dow so hoffertick? Juncker boewe, kompt hier, oder diese, vnd jenner selleuch holen.

Rich. Ich bin ein Furst, bried mich nicht ihz schelms, ihz verrahers.

Bath. Sla to, sla to, wir will yow furstlick tractieren.

*Richard having nothing in his hand but his whip, defends himself a while, and then fall's down as if he were dead:*

Rich. O Got, nimb meine seele in deine hande.

Jerick. O excellent, hurtick he is todt, he is todt.

Lat vns see wat he hat soz gelt bey sich, holla hier is all enough all satt, doz is soz dich, and doz is soz mich, vnd ditt wiltich darto haben:

*Jerick puts the chain about his neck.*

Hans. How so Hans Parhals, geue mir die kette hier.

Jerick. Ja ein dreck, ditt kett stehet hupfch vmb mein hals, ditt will ich tragen.

Hans. Dat dich potts belten leiden, dat soltu nimmer-mehz than dow schelm.

Jerick. Wat solt dow mich schelm heissen, nimb dat.

Hans. Dat dich hundert tonnen diuells, harr ich will dich bernen.

Jerick. Wiltud hatwen oder stechen?

Hans. Ich will redlich hatwen;

Jerick. Nun wollen, dar ist mein ruck, sla to.

*They must have axes made for the nonst to fight withall, and while one strikes, the other holds his back without defence.*

Hans. Nimb dow das, vnd dar hast mein ruck.

Jerick. Noch amahl: O excellent, ligt dow dar, nun wilt ich alles haben, gelt vnd kett, vnd alle mtt einander, O hurtig, frisch-vp lustig, nun bin ich ein hartig Juncker.

*Richard rises up again and snatches up the fellows hatcher that was slain.*

Rich. Ne Hercules contra duos, yet pollicy hath gone beyond them both.

Du



Du budler schelm, moꝛder, kehꝛe dich, seestꝛu mich ? gebe mir die kett vnd gelt wieder ;

Jerick. Wat bistu wider lebendig worden, so mus ich meren, wat wiltu sterchen oder haben ?

Richard. So will ich machen du schelm.

Jerick. Harr, harr, bistu ein redlich karle, so sicht redlich, Ich sterb, ich sterb, lat mich leben !

Richard. Sagt mir dan wer hatt die bzesse geschꝛeben ? Ale nicht sondern sagt die warheft :

Jerick. Ich mein fromer, guter, edler, gestrenger Juncker, dar ist dat gelt vnd kett wieder, yow soll alles haben, aber wer hatt die bzesse geschꝛeben, dat wet ich bey meiner seele nicht.

Rich. Lig doꝛ still, still ich sag.

The villain swears, and deeply doth protest  
He knows not who incited them to this,  
And as it seems the scrowl imports no less.  
So sterb du mir schelm.

Jerick. Ich sterb, awe, awe, awe dat dich der vbell hole !

*As Richard kils the Boyr. Enter Saxon and the Palsgrave.*

Saxon. Hꝛ dich an loser schelm, hastu dein gesellen todt geschlagen ?

Palsgr. Last vs den schelmen angreiffen.

Richard. Call you me *shelme* how dare you then  
Being Princes offer to lay hands on me?  
That is the Hangmans Office here in Dutch-land.

Saxon. But this is strange, our Bours can speak no English,  
What bistum more than a damn'd murderer ?  
That thou art so much we are witnesses.

Rich. Can then this habit alter me so much,  
That I am cali'd a villain by my friends?  
Or shall I dare once to suspect your graces,  
That for you could not make me Emperour,  
Pittying my sorrow through mine honour lost,  
You set these slaves to rid me of my life,  
Yet far be such a thought from Richard's heart.

*Pals.* How now? what do I hear Prince *Richard* speak?

*Rich.* The same: but wonder that he lives to speak.  
And had not policy he pt above strength,  
These sturdy swains had rid me of my life.

*Sax.* Far be it from your Grace for to suspect us.

*Rich.* Alas, I know not whom I should suspect;  
But yet my heart cannot misdoubt your Graces?

*Saxon.* How came your Highness into this apparel?

*Rich.* We as the manner is drew lots for Offices,  
My hap was hardest to be made a Carter,  
And by this letter which some villain wrote,  
I was betray'd, here to be murdered;  
But Heav'n which doth defend the Innocent,  
Arm'd me with strength and policy together,  
That I escap'd out of their treacherous inare.

*Pals.* Were it well founded, I dare lay my life,  
The Spanish tyrant knew of this conspiracie;  
Therefore the better to dive into the depth  
Of this most devillish murderous complot,  
As also secretly to be beholders,  
Of the long-wisht for wedding of your daughter,  
We will disrobe these bours of their apparel,  
Clapping their rustick eases on our backs,  
And help your Highness for to drive the Carr.  
T' may be the traytor that did write these lines,  
Mistaking us for them will shew himself.

*Richard.* Prince *Palatine* this plot doth please me well,  
I make no doubt if we deal cunningly,  
But we shall find the writer of this seroul.

*Saxon.* And in that hope I will disrobe this slave.  
Come Princes in the neighbouring thicket here,  
We may disguise our selves, and talk at pleasure;  
Fye on him heavy lubber how he weighs.

*Richard.* The sin of murder hangs upon his soul,  
It is no mervail then if he be heavy.

*Exeunt.*



## A C T. III.

*Enter to the Revels.*

Edward with an Imperial Crown. Hedewig the Empress.  
Bohemia the Taster. Alphonfus the Forrester. Mentz the  
Jester. Empress the Chambermaid. Brandenburg Physician.  
Tryer Secretarie. Alexander the Marshal, with his Marshals  
staff, and all the rest in their proper apparel, and Attendants  
and Pages.

*Alex.* Princes and Princes Superiors, Lords and Lords  
fellows, Gentlemen and Gentlemens Masters, and all the rest  
of the States here assembled, as well Masculine as Feminine,  
be it known unto you by these presence, that I *Alexander de  
Toledo*, Fortunes chief Marshal, do will and command you,  
by the authority of my said Office, to take your places in  
manner and form following, First the Emperour and the  
Empress, then the Taster, the Secretary, the Forrester, the  
Physician, as for the Chambermaid and my self, we will take  
our places at the neither end, the Jester is to wait up, and  
live by the crumbs that fall from the Emperours trencher,  
But now I have Marshal'd you to the table, what remains?

*Mentz.* Every fool can tell that, when men are set to  
dinner they commonly expect meat.

*Edward.* That's the best Jest the fool made since he came  
into his Office. Marshal walk into the Kitchen, and see how  
the Churfurst of Collen bestits himself. *Exit. Alex.*

*Mentz.* Shall I go with him too? I love to be imploy'd in  
the Kitchen.

*Edward.* I prethee go, that we maybe rid of thy wicked  
Jests.

*Mentz.* Have with thee Marshal, the fool rides thee?

*Exit. on Alex. back.*

E 3

*Alphon.*

*Alphon.* Now by mine honour, my Lord of *Mentz* plays the fool the worst that ever I saw.

*Edward.* He do's all by contraries ; for I am sure he playd the wiseman like a fool, and now he plays the fool wisely.

*Alphon.* Princes and *Churfursts* let us frolick now,  
This is a joyful day to *Christendome*,  
When Christian Princes joyn in amity,  
Schinck bowls of *Reinfal* and the purest Wine,  
We'l spend this evening luttie upsie Dutch,  
In honour of this unexpected league.

*Empres.* Nay gentle Forrester, there you range amiss,  
His looks are fitly suited to his thoughts,  
His glorious Empress makes his heart tryumph,  
And hearts tryumphing makes his countenance stai'd,  
In contemplation of his lives delight.

*Edward.* Good Aunt let me excuse my self in this,  
I am an Emperour but for a day,  
She Empress of my heart while life doth last ;  
Then give me leave to use Imperial looks,  
Nay if I be an Emperour I'l take leave,  
And here I do pronounce it openly,  
What I have lately whisper'd in her ears,  
I love mine Empress more than Empery,  
I love her looks above my fortunes hope.

(bowl,

*Alphon.* Saving your looks dread Emperour es gelt a  
Unto the health of your fair Bride and Empress.

*Edward.* *Sahn Got es toll mit en liebe Dyank sein*, so  
much Dutch have I learnt since I came into *Germany*.

*Bran.* When you have drunk a dozen of these bowls,  
So can your Majesty with a full mouth,  
Trowl out high Dutch, till then it sounds not right,  
*Dyunst es gelt noch enis thy spatestat.*

*Edward.* *Sahn Got lats lauffen.*

*Bohem.* My Lord of *Brandenburg* spoken like a good  
Dutch Brother ;

But most unlike a good Physician,  
You should consider what he has to do,  
His Bride will give you little thanks to night.

*Alphon.* Ha, ha my Lord, now give me leave to laugh,  
He need not therefore shun one Beaker full.



In Saxon Land you know it is the use,  
That the first night the Bridegroom spares the Bride.

*Bohem.* 'Tis true indeed, that had I quite forgotten.

*Edward.* How understand I that?

*Alphon.* That the first night,  
The Bride and Bridegroom never sleep together.

*Edward.* That may well be, perchance they wake together.

*Bohem.* Nay without fallace they have several Beds.

*Edward.* I in one Chamber, that is most Princely.

*Alphon.* Not onely several Beds, but several Chambers,  
Lockt soundly too, with Iron Bolts and Bars.

*Empr.* Beleeve me Nephew, that's the custom here.

*Edward.* O my good Aunt, the world is now grown new,  
Old customs are but superstitions.

I'm iure this day, this presence all can witness,  
The high and mighty Prince th' Archbishop of Colen,  
Who now is busie in the skullery,

Joyn'd us together in St. Peters Church,  
And he that would disjoyn us two to night,  
'Twixt jest and earnest be it proudly spoken,  
Shail eat a piece of ill-digesting Iron.

Bride *wilt du mit mir nicht zu schlafen.*

Hede. *Da behüte mich Gott für, Ich hoffe Eurs maledikt  
wills von mir nicht, begeran.*

*Edward.* What says the *behüte mich Got für?*

*Alphon.* She says God blefs her from such a deed.

*Edward.* Tush Empress, clap thy hands upon thy head,  
And God will blefs thee, I have a *Jacobs* staff,  
Shall take the Elevation of the Pole;  
For I have heard it sayd, the Dutch North star,  
Is a degree or two higher than ours.

*Bohem.* Nay though we talk lets drink, and Emperour,  
I'll tell you plainly what you must trust unto,  
Can they deceive you of your Bride to night,  
They'il surely do't, therefore look to your self.

*Edward.* If she deceive me not, let all do their worst.

*Alphon.* Assure you Emperour she'l do her best.

*Edward.* I think the Maids in Germany are mad,  
E're they be marryed they will not kiss,  
And being marryed will not go to Bed.

We drink about, let's talk no more of this,  
Well warn'd half arm'd our English proverb say

*Alphon.* Holla Marshal, what says the Cook?

*Enter Alexander.*

Belike he thinks we have fed so well already,  
That we disdain his simple Cookery.

*Alex.* Faith the Cook says so, that his Office was to dress a  
mess of meat with that Wood which the English Prince should  
bring in, but he hath neither seen Dutch Wood nor Eng-  
lish Prince, therefore he desires you hold him excus'd.

*Alphon.* I wonder where Prince *Richard* stays so long.

*Alex.* An't, please your Majesty, he's come at length,  
And with him has he brought a crew of Bows,  
A hipse bowr maikins fresh as Flow'rs in *May*,  
With whom they mean to dance a *Saxon* round,  
In honour of the Bridegroom and his Bride.

*Edward.* So has he made amends for his long tarrying.  
I prethee Marshall them into the presence.

*Alphon.* Lives *Richard* then? I had thought th' hadst  
made him sure.

*Alex.* O, I could tear my flesh to think upon 't,  
He lives and secretly hath brought with him,  
The *Passgrave* and the Duke of *Saxonia*,  
Clad like two Bows, even in the same apparel (him,  
That *Hans* and *Jerick* wore when they went out to murder  
It now behooves us to be circumspect.

*Alphon.* It likes me not; Away Marshal bring them.

*Exit. Alexander.*

I long to see this sports conclusion.

*Bohem.* I't not a lovely sight to see this couple  
Sit sweetly billing like two Turtle Doves.

*Alphon.* I promise you it sets my Teeth an Edge,  
That I must take mine Empress in mine arms.  
Come hither *Isabel*, though thy roabs be homely,  
Thy face and countenance holds colour still.

*Enter*



*Enter Alexander, Collen, Mentz, Richard, Saxony, Palsgrave, Collen Cook, with a gamon of raw bacon, and links or puddings in a platter, Richard, Paligrave, Saxon, Mentz, like Clowns with each of them a Miter with Corances on their hands.*

**Collen.** Dread Emperour and Emperess for to day,  
I Your appointed Cook untill to morrow,  
Have by the Marshal sent my just excuse,  
And hope your Highness is therewith content,  
Our Carter here for whom I now do speak,  
Says that his Axletree broke by the way,  
That is his answer, and for you shall not famish;  
He and his fellow bowrs of the next dorp,  
Have brought a schinkel of good raw Bacon,  
And that's a common meat with us, unsod,  
Desiring you, you would not scorn the fare,  
'Twill make a cup of Wine taste nippitate.

**Edward.** Welcome good fellows, we thank you for your present.

**Richard.** So spell fresh up and let us rommier vaunten.

**Alex.** Please it your Highness to dance with your Bride?

**Edward.** Alas I cannot dance your German dances.

**Bohem.** I do beseech your Highness mock us not,  
We Germans have no changes in our dances,  
An Almains and an upspring that is all,  
So dance the Princes, Burgers, and the Bowrs.

**Brand.** So daunc'd our Aunceltors for thousand years.

**Edward.** It is a sign the Dutch are not newfangled,  
I'll follow in the measure; Marshal lead.

*Alexander and Mentz have the fore dance with each of them a glass of Wine in their hands, then Edward and Hedewick, Palsgrave and Empress, and two other couple, after Drum and Trumpet.*

*The Palsgrave whispers with the Empress.*

**Alphon.** I think the Bower is amorous of my Empress.  
Fort bowr and leffel morgen, when thou com'st to house.

**Collen.** Now is your Graces time to steal away,

Look to't or else you'l lie alone to night.

*Edward steals away the Bride.*

*Alex. (Drinketh to the Palsgrave.) Skelt bowze.*

*Palsgrave. Sain Gott.*

*The Palsgrave requests the Empress.*

*By Jungfrau helpe mich doch ein Jungfrau dzunck  
Es gelt guter scenudt ein frolocken dzink. (thun)*

*Alphon. Sam Gott mein frundt ich will gern beschetst  
(Alphonfus takes the Cup of the Palsgrave, and drinks to the  
King of Bohemia, and after he hath drunk puts poyson into the  
Beaker.)*

Half this I drink unto your Highness health,

It is the first since we were joynd in Office.

*Bohem. I thank your Majesty, I'll pledge you half.*

*(As Bohem is a drinking, e're he hath drunk it all out, Alphonfus pulls the Beaker from his mouth.)*

*Alphon. Hold, hold, your Majesty, drink not too much.*

*Bohem. What means your Highness. (teeth,*

*Alphon. Methinks that something grates between my  
Pray God there be not poyson in the bowl.*

*Bohem. Marry God forbid.*

*Alex. So were I pepper'd.*

*Alphon. I highly do mistrust this schelmish bowr,  
Lay hands on him, I'll make him drink the rest.*

*Was ist was ist wat will you nut mee machen*

*Alphon. Drink out, drink out oder der diuell soll dich holen.*

*Pals. By geb you to frieden ich will sein dzink. (ground,*

*Saxon. Drink not Prince Pallatine, throw it on the  
It is not good to trust his Spanish flies.*

*Bohem. Saxon and Palsgrave, this cannot be good.*

*Alphon. 'Twas not for nought my mind misgave me so;  
This hath Prince Richard done t'entrap our lives.*

*Richard. No Alphonfus, I disdain to be a traitor.*

*Empress. O sheath your swords, forbear these needless  
broyls.*

*Alphon. Away, I do mistrust thee as the rest.*

*Bohem. Lord's hear me speak, to pacify these broyls;  
For my part I feel no distemperature,  
How do you feel your self?*

*Alphon. I cannot tell, not ill, and yet methinks I am not  
well.*

*Bohem.*



*Bohem.* Were it a poyson 'twould begin to work.

*Alphon.* Not so, all poysons do not work alike.

*Pals.* If there were poyson in, which God forbid,  
The Empreis and my self and *Alexander*,  
Have cause to fear as well as any other.

*Alphon.* Why didst thou throw the Wine upon the earth?  
Hadst thou but drunk, thou hadst satified our minds.

*Pals.* I will not be enforc'd by Spanish hands.

*Alphon.* If all be well with us, that schuce shall serve,  
If not, the Spaniards blood will be reveng'd.

*Rich.* Your Majesty is more afraid than hurt.

*Bohem.* For me I do not fear my self a whit,  
Let all be friends, and forward with our mirth.

*Enter Edward in his night-gown and his shirt.*

*Richard.* Nephew, how now? is all well with you?

*Bohem.* I lay my life the Prince has lost his bride.

*Edward.* I hope not so, she is but stray'd a little.

*Alphon.* Your Grace must not be angry though we laugh.

*Edward.* If it had hapned by default of mine,  
You might have worthily laught me to scorn;  
But to be so deceiv'd, so over reach'd,  
Even as I meant to clasp her in mine arms,  
The grief is intollerable, not to be guest,  
Or comprehended by the thought of any,  
But by a man that hath been so deceiv'd,  
And that's by no man living but my self.

*Saxon.* My Princely Son-in-Law God give you joy.

*Edward.* Of what my Princely Father?

*Saxon.* O' my Daughter.

Your new betroathed Wife and Bed-fellow.

*Edward.* I thank you Father, indeed I must confess  
She is my Wife, but not my Bed-fellow.

*Saxon.* How so young Prince? I saw you steal her hence,  
And as me thought she went full willingly.

*Edward.* 'Tis true, I stole her finely from amongst you,  
And by the Arch-Bishop of *Collens* help,  
Got her alone into the Bride-Chamber,  
Where having lockt the Door, thought all was well.  
I could not speak but pointed to the Bed,

She answered ~~Ja~~ and gan for to unlace her;  
 I seeing that suspected no deceit,  
 But straight untrust my points, uncas'd my self,  
 And in a moment slipt between the Sheets;  
 There lying in deep contemplation,  
 The Princess of her self drew neer to me,  
 Gave me her hand, spake prettily in Dutch  
 I know not what, and kist me lovingly,  
 And as I shrank out of my luke warm place  
 To make her room, she clapt thrice with her feet,  
 And through a trap-door sunck out of my sight;  
 Knew I but her Confederates in the deed---  
 I say no more.

*Empress.* Tush Cofin, be content;  
 So many Lands, so many fashions,  
 It is the *German* use, be not impatient,  
 She will be so much welcomer to morrow.

*Rich.* Come Nephew, we'l be Bed-fellows to night.

*Edward.* Nay if I find her not, I'll lye alone,  
 I have good hope to ferret out her Bed,  
 And so good night sweet Princess all at once.

*Alphon.* Godnight to all; Marshal discharge the train.

*Alex.* To Bed, to Bed the Marshal crys 'tis time. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish Cornets, Manent Saxon, Richard, Palsgrave,  
 Collen, Empress.*

*Saxon.* Now Princes it is time that we advise,  
 Now we are all fast in the Fowlers gin,  
 Not to escape his subtle snares alive,  
 Unless by force we break the Nets asunder.  
 When he begins to cavil and pick quarrels,  
 I will not trust him in the least degree.

*Empress.* It may beseem me evill to mistrust  
 My Lord and Emperour of so foul a fast;  
 But love unto his honour and your lives,  
 Makes me with tears intreat your Excellencies  
 To fly with speed out of his dangerous reach,  
 His cloudy brow foretells a suddain storm  
 Of blood not natural but prodigious.

*Rich.* The Castle gates are shut, how should we fly;

But



But were they open, I would lose my life,  
E're I would leave my Nephew to the slaughter;  
He and his Bride were sure to bear the brunt.

*Saxon.* Could I get out of doors, I'd venture that,  
And yet I hold their persons dear enough,  
I would not doubt, but e're the morning Sun  
Should half way run his course into the South,  
To compass and begirt him in his Fort,  
With *Saxon* lanskights and brunt-bearing *Switzers*,  
Who lye in Ambuscado not far hence,  
That he should come to Composition,  
And with safe conduct bring into our tents,  
Both Bride and Bridegroom, and all other friends.

*Empress.* My Chamber Window stands upon the Wall;  
And thence with ease you may escape away.

*Saxon.* Prince *Richard*, you will bear me Company?

*Richard.* I will my Lord.

*Saxon.* And you Prince *Pallatine*?

*Pals.* The Spanish Tyrant hath me in suspect  
Of poysoning him, I'll therefore stay it out,  
To fly upon't were to accuse my self.

*Empress.* If need require, I'll hide the *Pallatine*,  
Untill to morrow, if you stay no longer.

*Saxon.* If God be with us, e're to morrow noon,  
We'll be with Ensigns spread before the Walls,  
We leave dear pledges of our quick return.

*Emp.* May the Heavens prosper your just intents. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alphonsus.*

*Alphon.* This dangerous plot was happily overheard,  
Here didst thou listen in a blessed howr.

*Alexander*, where do'st thou hide thy self?  
I've sought thee in each Corner of the Court,  
And now or never must thou play the man.

*Alex.* And now or never must your Highness stir,  
Treason hath round encompassed your life.

*Alphon.* I have no leasure now to hear thy talk.  
Seest thou this Key?

*Alex.* Intends your Majesty that I should steal into the  
Princes Chambers,

And sleeping stab them in their Beds to night?  
That cannot be.

*Alphon.* Wilt thou not hear me speak?

*Alex.* The Prince of *England*, *Saxon*, and of *Collen*,  
Are in the Empress Chamber privily.

*Alphon.* All this is nothing, they would murder me,  
I come not there to night; seest thou this Key?

*Alex.* They mean to fly out at the Chamber Window,  
And raise an Army to beseege your Grace,  
Now may your Highness take them with the deed.

*Alphon.* The Prince of *Wales* I hope is none of them.

*Alex.* Him and his Bride by force they will recover.

*Alphon.* What makes the cursed *Palsgrave* of the *Rhein*?

*Alex.* Him hath the Empress taken to her charge,  
And in her Closet means to hide him safe.

*Alphon.* To hide him in her Closet? of bold deeds,  
The dearest charge that e're she undertook,  
Well let them bring their Complots to an end,  
I'll undermine to meet them in their works,

*Alex.* Will not your Grace surprize them e're they fly?

*Alphon.* No, let them bring their purpose to effect,  
I'll fall upon them at my best advantage,  
Seest thou this Key? there take it *Alexander*;  
Yet take it not unless thou be resolv'd;  
Tush I am fond to make a doubt of thee;  
Take it I say, it doth command all Doors,  
And will make open way to dire revenge.

*Alex.* I know not what your Majesty doth mean.

*Alphon.* Hie thee with speed into the inner Chamber,  
Next to the Chappell, and there shalt thou find  
The danty trembling Bride coucht in her Bed,  
Having beguil'd her Bridegroom of his hopes,  
Taking her farewell of Virginity,  
Which she to morrow night expects to lose,  
By night all Cats are gray, and in the dark,  
She will imbrace thee for the Prince of *Wales*,  
Thinking that he hath found her Chamber out,  
Fall to thy business and make few words,  
And having pleas'd thy senses with delight,



And fild thy beating vains with stealing joy,  
 Make thence agen before the break of day,  
 What strange events will follow this device,  
 We need not study on, our foes shall find.  
 How now? how standst thou? hast thou not the heart?

*Alex.* Should I not have the heart to do this deed,  
 I were a Bastard villain and no man;  
 Her sweetness, and the sweetness of revenge,  
 Tickles my senses in a double sense,  
 And so I wish your Majesty good night.

*Alphon.* God night, sweet *Venus* prosper thy attempt.

*Alex.* Sweet *Venus* and grim *Ate* I implore,  
 Stand both of you to me auspicious. *Exit. Alexander.*

*Alphon.* It had been pittie of his Fathers life,  
 Whose death hath made him such a perfect villain.  
 What murder, wrack, and causeless enmity,  
 'Twixt dearest friends that are my strongest foes,  
 Will follow suddainly upon this rape;  
 I hope to live to see, and laugh thereat,  
 And yet this peece of practice is not all.  
 The King of *Bohem* though he little feel it,  
 Because in twenty hours it will not work,  
 Hath from my Knives point suck'd his deadly bane,  
 Whereof I will be least of all suspected;  
 For I will feign my self as sick as he,  
 And blind mine enemies eyes with deadly groans;  
 Upon the *Palsgrave* and mine Emperess,  
 Heavy suspect shall light to bruze their bones;  
 Though *Saxon* would not suffer him to taste,  
 The deadly potion provided for him;  
 He cannot save him from the Sword of Iustice,  
 When all the world shall think that like a villain,  
 He hath poyson'd two great Emperours with one draught;  
 That deed is done, and by this time I hope,  
 The other is a doing, *Alexander*  
 I doubt it not will do it thorowly.  
 While these things are a brewing I'll not sleep,  
 But suddainly break ope the Chamber doors,  
 And rush upon my Emperess and the *Palsgrave*,

Holla wher's the Captain of the Guard?

*Enter Captain, and Souldiers.*

Cap. What would your Majesty?

*Alphon.* Take six travants well arm'd and followe,  
They break with violence into the Chamber, and Alphonfu  
trayls the Empress by the hair.

*Enter Alphonfus, Empress, Souldiers, &c.*

*Alphon.* Come forth thou damned Witch, adulterous  
Whore,

Foul scandal to thy name, thy sex, thy blood.

*Emp.* O Emperour, gentle Husband, pittie me.

*Alphon.* Canst thou deny thou wert confederate,  
With my arch enemies that sought my blood?  
And like a Strumpet through thy Chamber Window,  
Hast with thine own hands helpt to let them down,  
With an intent that they should gather arms,  
Besiege my Court, and take away my life?

*Emp.* Ah my *Alphonfus*.

*Alphon.* Thy *Alphonfus* Whore?

*Emp.* O pierce my heart, trail me not by my hair;  
What I have done, I did it for the best.

*Alphon.* So for the best advantage of thy lust,  
Hast thou in secret *Clytemnestra* like,  
Hid thy *Aegestus* thy adulterous love.

*Emp.* Heav'n be the record 'twixt my Lord and me;  
How pure and sacred I do hold thy Bed.

*Alphon.* Art thou so impudent to bely the deed,  
Is not the *Palsgrave* hidden in thy Chamber?

*Empe.* That I have hid the *Palsgrave* I confess;  
But to no ill intent your conscience knows.

*Alphon.* Thy treasons, murders, incests, forceries,  
Are all committed to a good intent;  
Thou know'st he was my deadly enemy.

*Emp.* By this device I hop'd to make your friends.

*Alphon.* Then bring him forth, we'll reconcile our selves.

*Emp.* Should I betray so great a Prince's life?

*Alphon.* Thou hold'st his life far dearer than thy Lords,  
This very night hast thou betrayd my blood,

But



But thus, and thus, will I revenge my self,  
And but thou speedily deliver him,  
I'll trail thee through the Kennels of the Street,  
And cut the Nose from thy bewitching face,  
And into *England* send thee like a Strumpet.

*Emp.* Pull every hair from off my head,  
Drag me at Horses tails, cut off my nose  
My Princely tongue shall not betray a Prince.

*Alphon.* That will I try.

*Emp.* O Heav'n revenge my shame.

*Enter Palsgrave.*

*Pal.* Is *Caesar* now become a torturer,  
A Hangman of his Wife, turn'd murderer?  
Here is the *Pallatine*, what wouldst thou more?

*Alphon.* Upon him Souldiers, strike him to the ground.

*Emp.* Ah Souldiers, spare the Princely *Pallatine*.

*Alphon.* Down with the damn'd adulterous murderer,  
Kill him I say, his blood be on my head.

*They kill the Pallatine.*

Run to the Tow'r, and Ring the Laram Bell,  
That fore the world I may excuse my self,  
And tell the reason of this bloody deed.

*Enter Edward in his night gown and shirt.*

*Edw.* How now? what means this sudain strange Allarm?  
What wretched dame is this with blabbered cheeks,  
And rent dishevel'd hair?

*Emp.* O my dear Nephew,  
Fly, fly the Shambles, for thy turn is next.

*Edward.* What, my Imperial Aunt? then break my heart.

*Alphon.* Brave Prince be still; as I am nobly born,  
There is no ill intended to thy person.

*Enter Mentz, Tryer, Branden. Bohem.*

*Mentz.* Where is my Page? bring me my two hand Sword.

*Tryer.* What is the matter? is the Court a fire

*Bran.* Whose that? the Emperour with his weapon drawn?  
*Bohem.* Though deadly sick yet am I forc'd to rise,  
To know the reason of this hurley burley.

*Alphon.* Princes be silent, I will tell the cause,  
Though sudainly a griping at my heart  
Forbids my tongue his wonted course of speech.  
See you this Harlot, traytreis to my life,  
See you this murderer, stain to mine honour,  
These twain I found together in my Bed,  
Shamefully committing lewd Adultery,  
And hainously conspiring all your deaths,  
I mean your deaths, that are not dead already;  
As for the King of *Boheme* and my self,  
We are not of this world, we have our transports  
Giv'n in the bowl by this adulterous Prince,  
And least the poyson work too strong with me,  
Before that I have warnd you of your harms,  
I will be brief in the relation.

That he hath stain'd my Bed, these eyes have seen;  
That he hath murder'd two Imperial Kings,  
Our speedy deaths will be too sudain proof;  
That he and she have bought and sold your lives,  
To *Saxon*, *Collen*, and the English Prince,  
Their Ensigns spread before the Walls to morrow  
Will all too sudainly bid you defiance.  
Now tell me Princes have I not just cause,  
To slay the murderer of so many souls?  
And have not all cause to applaud the deed?  
More would I utter, but the poysons force  
Forbids my speech, you can conceive the rest.

*Bohem.* Your Majesty reach me your dying hand,  
With thousand thanks for this so just revenge.  
O, how the poysons force begins to work!

*Mentz.* The world may pittie and applaud the deed.

*Brand.* Did never age bring forth such hainous acts.

*Edward.* My senses are confounded and amaz'd.

*Emp.* The God of Heav'n knows my unguiltiness.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Arm, arm my Lords, we have descry'd a far,



An Army of ten thousand men at arms.

*Alphon.* Some run unto the Walls, some draw up the Sluce,  
Some speedily let the Purculles down.

*Mentz.* Now may we see the Emperours words are true.  
To prison with the wicked murderous Whore. *Exeunt.*

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A C T. IV.

*Enter Saxon and Richard with Souldiers.*

*Saxon.* My Lord of Cornwall, let us march before,  
To speedy rescue of our dearest friends,  
The rereward with the armed Legions,  
Committed to the Prince of Collen's charge,  
Cannot so lightly pass the mountain tops.

*Richard.* Let's summon sudainly unto a Parly,  
I do not doubt but e're we need their helps,  
Collen with all his forces will be here.

*Enter Collen with Drums and an Army.*

*Richard.* Your Holiness hath made good hast to day;  
And like a beaten Souldier lead your troops.

*Collen.* In time of peace I am an Arch-Bishop,  
And like a Church-man can both sing and say ;  
But when the innocent do suffer wrong,  
I cast my rocket off upon the Altar,  
And like a Prince betake my self to arms.

*Enter above Mentz, Tryer, and Brandenburg.*

*Mentz.* Great Prince of Saxonie, what mean these arms?  
*Richard of Cornwall,* what may this intend?  
Brother of Collen no more Churchman now,  
Instead of Miter, and a Croffier Staff,  
Have you betane you to your Helm and Target?  
Were you so merry yesterday as friends,  
Cloaking your treason in your Clowns attire?

*Saxon.* *Mentz,* we return the traytor in thy face.  
To save our lives, and to release our friends,

Out of the Spaniards deadly trapping Snares,  
 Without intent of ill, this power is rais'd;  
 Therefore grave Prince Marquess of Brandenburg,  
 My loving Cofin, as indifferent Judge,  
 To you an aged Peace-maker we speak,  
 Deliver with safe conduct in our tents,  
 Prince *Edward* and his Bride, the *Pallatine*,  
 With every one of high or low degree,  
 That are suspicious of the King of Spain,  
 So shall you see that in the self same howr  
 We marched to the Walls with colours spread,  
 We will cashier our troupes, and part good friends.

*Brand.* Alas my Lord, crave you the *Pallatine*?

*Rich.* If craving will not serve, we will command.

*Brand.* Ah me, since your departure, good my Lords,  
 Strange accidents of bloud and death are hapned.

*Saxon.* My mind misgave a massacre this night.

*Rich.* How do's Prince *Edward* then?

*Sax.* How do's my Daughter?

*Collen.* How goes it with the *Palsgrave* of the *Rhein*?

*Brand.* Prince *Edward* and his Bride do live in health,  
 And shall be brought unto you when you please.

*Saxon.* Let them be presently deliver'd?

*Coll.* Lives not the *Palsgrave* too?

*Mentz.* In Heaven or Hell he lives, and reaps the merit  
 of his deeds.

*Coll.* What damned hand hath butchered the Prince?

*Saxon.* O that demand is needless, who but he,  
 That seeks to be the Butcher of us all;  
 But vengeance and revenge shall light on him.

*Bran.* Be patient noble Princes, hear the rest.  
 The two great Kings of *Bohem* and *Castile*,  
 God comfort them, lie now at point of death,  
 Both poyson'd by the *Palsgrave* yesterday.

*Rich.* How is that possible? so must my Sister,  
 The *Pallatine* himself, and *Alexander*,  
 Who drunk out of the bowl, be poysoned too.

*Mentz.* Nor is that hainous deed alone the cause,  
 Though cause enough to ruin Monarchies;  
 He hath defil'd with lust th' Imperial Bed,

And



And by the Emperour in the fact was slain.

*Collen.* O worthy guiltless Prince, O had he fled.

*Rich.* But say where is the Empress, where's my Sister.

*Mentz.* Not burnt to ashes yet, but shall be shortly.

*Rich.* I hope her Majesty will live to see

A hundred thousand flattering turncoat slaves,

Such as your Holiness, dye a shameful death.

*Brand.* She is in prison, and attends her tryal.

*Saxon.* O strange heart-breaking mischievous intents,

Give me my children if you love your lives,

No safety is in this enchanted Fort.

O see in happy hour there comes my Daughter,

And loving son, scapt from the Massacre.

*Enter Edward and Hedewick.*

*Edward.* My body lives, although my heart be slain,

O Princes this hath been the dismall'st night,

That ever eye of sorrow did behold,

Here lay the *Palsgrave* weltring in his blood,

Dying *Alphonfus* standing over him,

Upon the other hand the King of *Bohem*,

Still looking when his poyson'd bulk would break ;

But that which pierc'd my soul with natures touch

Was my tormented Aunt with blubberd cheeks,

Torn bloody Garments, and dishevel'd hair,

Waiting for death ; deservedly or no,

That knows the searcher of all humane thoughts ;

For these devices are beyond my reach.

(mass.)

*Saxon.* ~~Satt doch kiches doister, who wart dow disselbtr.~~

*Hede.* ~~His who who solt ich sem ich war in bette.~~

*Saxon.* ~~Wert dow allrin so wart dow gar bozschzorken.~~

*Hede.* Ich ha mist andes gememt dam das ich wolt allrin  
gestlaffne haben, aber umb mitternait kam mirner bride-  
groom, bundt stlaffet bey mir, bis wir mit dem getunnuel  
erwacht waren.

(midnight?)

*Edward.* What says she? came her Bridegroom to her at

*Rich.* Nephew, I see you were not over-reach'd;

Although she slipt out of your arms at first,

You seiz'd her surely, e're you left the chace.

*Saxon.* But left your Grace, your Bride alone in Bed?

Or did she run together in the Larum?

*Edward.* Alas my Lords, this is no time to jest;  
I lay full sadly in my Bed alone,  
Not able for my life to sleep a wink,  
Till that the Larum Bell began to Ring,  
And then I started from my weary couch.

(*speech,*

*Saxon.* How now? this times not with my daughters  
She says you found her Bed, and lay with her.

*Edward.* Not I, your Highness did mistake her words.

*Collen.* Deny it not Prince *Edward*, 'tis an honour.

*Edward.* My Lords I know no reason to deny it;  
T' have found her Bed, I would have given a million. (*fin.*

*Saxon.* Hedswick der Fürst sagt er hatt mit be dir schla-  
Hede. Es gefelt ihm also zum sagen aber ich habes woll  
gertralet.

*Rich.* She say's you are dispos'd to jest with her;  
But yesternight she felt it in good earnest.

*Edward.* Unckle these jests are too unfavorie,  
Ill suited to these times, and please me not,  
Lab ich bin you geschlafen yesternight.

*Hede.* I leff, warum sint thys fragen.

*Saxon.* *Edward*, I tell thee 'tis no jesting matter,  
Say plainly, wa'lt thou by her I or no?

*Edward.* As I am Prince, true heir to *Englands* Crown,  
I never toucht her body in a Bed.

*Hede.* Das hatte gethan oder holle mich der d'bell.

*Richard.* Nephew, take heed, you hear the Princets words.

*Edward.* It is not she, nor you, nor all the world,  
Shall make me say I did anothers deed.

*Saxon.* Anothers deed? what think'st thou her a whore?

*Saxon strikes Edward.*

*Edward.* She may be Whore, and thou a villain too.  
Strook me the Emperour I will strike again.

*Collen.* Content you Princes, buffet not like boys.

*Richard.* Hold you the one, and I will hold the other.

*Hede.* O her got, help, help, oich arms kindt.

*Saxon.* Souldiers lay hands upon the Prince of *Wales*,  
Convey him speedily unto a prison,  
And load his Legs with grievous bolts of Iron;  
Some bring the Whore my Daughter from my fight;  
And thou smooth Englishman to thee I speak,

My



My hate extends to all thy Nation,  
Pack thee out of my sight, and that with speed  
Your English practises have all to long,  
Muffled our *German* eyes, pack, pack I say.

*Richard.* Although your Grace have reason for your rage,  
Yet be not like a madman to your friends.

*Saxon.* My friends? I scorn the friendship of such mates;  
That seek my Daughters spoil, and my dishonour;  
But I will teach the Boy another lesson,  
His head shall pay the ransom of his fault.

*Richard.* His head?

*Saxon.* And thy head too, O how my heart doth swell!  
Was there no other Prince to mock but me?  
First woo, then marry her, then lye with her,  
And having had the pleasure of her Bed,  
Call her a Whore in open audience,  
None but a villain and a slave would do it,  
My Lords of *Mentz*, of *Trier*, and *Brandenburg*,  
Make ope the Gates, receive me as a friend,  
I'll be a scourge unto the English Nation.

*Mentz.* Your Grace shall be the welcom'st guest alive,

*Collen.* None but a madman would do such a deed.

*Saxon.* Then *Collen* count me mad, for I will do it.  
I'll set my life and Land upon the hazard,  
But I will thoroughly sound this deceit.  
What will your Grace leave me or follow me?

*Collen.* No *Saxon* know I will not follow thee,  
And leave Prince *Richard* in so great extreame.

*Saxon.* Then I defy you both, and so farwell.

*Rich.* Yet *Saxon* hear me speak before thou go,  
Look to the Princes life as to thine own,  
Each perisht hair that felleth from his head  
By thy default, shall cost a *Saxon* City,  
*Henry* of *England* will not lose his heir,  
And so farwel and think upon my words.

*Saxon.* Away, I do disdain to answer thee.  
Pack thee with shame again into thy Countrey;  
I'll have a Cock-boat at my proper charge,  
And send th' Imperial Crown which thou hast won,  
To *England* by Prince *Edward* after thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Man. Rich. and Coll.*

*Collen.*

*Collen.* Answer him not Prince *Richard*, he is mad,  
Choler and grief have rob'd him of his senses.  
Like accident to this was never heard.

*Rich.* Break heart and dye, flie hence my troubled spirit,  
I am not able for to underbear  
The weight of sorrow which doth bruze my soul,  
O *Edward*, O sweet *Edward*, O my life.  
O noble *Collen* last of all my hopes,  
The only friend in my extremities,  
If thou doest love me, as I know thou doest,  
Unsheath thy sword, and rid me of this sorrow.

*Collen.* Away with abject thoughts, fie Princely *Richard*,  
Rouse up thy self, and call thy senses home,  
Shake of this base pusillanimitie,  
And cast about to remedie these wrongs.

*Richard.* Alas I see no means of remedie.

*Collen.* Then hearken to my Counsel and advice,  
We will Intrench our selves not far from hence,  
With those small pow'rs we have, and send for more,  
If they do make assault, we will defend;  
If violence be offer'd to the Prince,  
We'll rescue him with venture of our lives;  
Let us with patience attend advantage,  
Time may reveal the author of these treasons;  
For why undoubtedly the sweet young Prince,  
Fowly beguild by night with cunning shew,  
Hath to some villain lost her Maiden-head.

*Rich.* O that I knew the foul incestuous wretch,  
Thus would I rear him with my teeth and nails.  
Had *Saxon* sense he would conceive so much,  
And not revenge on guiltless *Edwards* life.

*Collen.* Perswade your self he will be twice advis'd,  
Before he offer wrong unto the Prince.

*Rich.* In that good hope I will have patience.  
Come gentle Prince whose pittie to a stranger  
Is rare and admirable, not to be spoken.  
England cannot requite this gentleness.

*Collen.* Tush talk not of requital, let us go,  
To fortifie our selves within our trench.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



Enter Alphonso (*carried in the Couch*) Saxony, Mentz,  
Tryer, Brandenburg, Alexander.

*Alphon.* O most excessive pain, O raging Fire!  
Is burning *Cancer* or the *Scorpion*,  
Descended from the Heavenly Zodiack,  
To parch mine Entrals with a quenchless flame?  
Drink, drink I say, give drink or I shall dye.  
Fill a thousand bowls of Wine, Water I say  
Water from forth the cold *Tartarian* hills.  
I feel th' ascending flame lick up my blood,  
Mine Entrals shrink together like a scrawl  
Of burning parchment, and my Marrow fries,  
Bring hugie Cakes of Ice, and Flakes of Snow,  
That I may drink of them being dissolved.

*Saxon.* We do beseech your Majestie have patience,

*Alphon.* Had I but drunk an ordinary poyson,  
The sight of thee great Duke of Saxony,  
My friend in death, in life my greatest foe,  
Might both allay the venom and the torment;  
But that adulterous *Palsgrave* and my Wife,  
Upon whose life and soul I vengeance cry,  
Gave me a mineral not to be digested,  
Which burning eats, and eating burns my heart.  
My Lord of Tryer, run to the King of Bohem,  
Commend me to him, ask him how he fares,  
None but my self can rightly pittie him;  
For none but we have sympathie of pains.  
Tell him when he is dead, my time's not long,  
And when I dye bid him prepare to follow.  
Now, now it works a fresh; are you my friends?  
Then throw me on the cold swift running *Rhyn*,  
And let me bath there for an hour or two,  
I cannot bear this pain.

*Exit. Tryer.*

*Mentz.* O would th' impartial fates afflict on me,  
These deadly pains, and ease my Emperour,  
How willing would I bear them for his sake.

*Alphon.* O *Mentz*, I would not wish unto a Dog,  
The least of thousand torments that afflict me,  
Much less unto your Princely holiness.

See, see my Lord of *Mentz*, he points at you.

*Mentz*. It is your fantasie and nothing else;  
But were death here, I would dispute with him,  
And tell him to his teeth he doth unjustice,  
To take your Majesty in the prime of youth;  
Such wither'd rotten branches as my self,  
Should first be lopt, had he not partial hands;  
And here I do protest upon my Knee,  
I would as willingly now leave my life,  
To save my King and Emperour alive,  
As erst my Mother brought me to the world.

*Brand*. My Lord of *Mentz*, this flattery is too gross,  
A Prince of your experience and calling,  
Should not so fondly call the Heavens to witness.

*Mentz*. Think you my Lord, I would not hold my word?

*Brand*. You know my Lord, death is a bitter guest.

*Mentz*. To ease his pain and save my Emperour,  
I sweetly would embrace that bitterness.

*Alex*. If I were death, I knew what I would do.

*Mentz*. But see, his Majesty is faine a sleep,  
Ah me, I fear it is a dying slumber.

*Alphon*. My Lord of *Saxonia* do you hear this jest.

*Saxon*. What should I hear my Lord?

*Alphon*. Do you not hear  
How loudly death proclames it in mine ears,  
Swearing by trophies, Tombs and deadmens Graves,  
If I have any friend so dear to me,  
That to excuse my life will lose his own,  
I shall be presently restor'd to health.

*Enter Tryer*.

*Mentz*. I would he durst make good his promises.

*Alphon*. My Lord of *Tryer*, how fares my fellow Emperour?

*Tryer*. His Majesty is eas'd of all his pains.

*Alphon*. O happy news, now have I hope of health.

*Mentz*. My joyful heart doth spring within my bodie,  
To hear those words,  
Comfort your Majestie I will excuse you,  
Or at the least will bear you Company.

*Alphon*.



*Alphon.* My hope is vain, now, now my heart will break,  
My Lord of Tryer you did but flatter me,  
Tell me the truth, how fares his Majestie.

*Tryer.* I told your Highness, eas'd of all his pain.

*Alphon.* I understand thee now, he's eas'd by death,  
And now I feel an alteration;  
Farewel sweet Lords, farewel my Lord of *Mentz*,  
The truest friend that ever earth did bear,  
Live long in happiness to revenge my death,  
Upon my Wife and all the English brood.  
My Lord of *Saxonie* your Grace hath cause.

*Mentz.* I dare thee death to take away my life.  
Some charitable hand that loves his Prince,  
And hath the heart, draw forth his Sword and rid me of  
my life.

*Alex.* I love my Prince, and have the heart to do it.

*Mentz.* O stay a while.

*Alex.* Nay now it is to late.

*Bran.* Villain what hast thou done? th'ast slain a Prince.

*Alex.* I did no more than he intreated me,

*Alphon.* How now, what make I in my Couch so late?  
Princes why stand you so gazing about me?  
Or who is that lies slain before my face?  
O I have wrong, my soul was half in Heaven,  
His holiness did know the joys above,  
And therefore is ascended in my stead.  
Come Princes let us bear the body hence;  
I'll spend a Million to embalm the same.  
Let all the Bells within the Empire Ring,  
Let Mass be said in every Church and Chappel,  
And that I may perform my latest vow,  
I will procure so much by Gold or friends,  
That my sweet *Mentz* shall be Canonized,  
And numbred in the Bed-rolle of the Saints,  
I hope the Pope will not deny it me,  
I'll build a Church in honour of thy name,  
Within the antient famous Citie *Mentz*,  
Fairer than any one in *Germany*,  
There shalt thou be interr'd with Kingly Pomp,  
Over thy Tomb shall hang a sacred Lamp,

Which till the day of doom shall ever burn,  
Yea after ages shall speak of thy renown,  
And go a Pilgrimage to thy sacred Tomb.  
Grief stops my voice, who loves his Emperour,  
Lay to his helping hand and bear him hence,  
Sweet Father and redeemer of my life.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Alexander.*

*Alex.* Now is my Lord sole Emperour of Rome,  
And three Conspirators of my Fathers death,  
Are cunningly sent unto Heaven or Hell;  
Like subtilty to this was never seen.  
Alas poor *Mentz*! I pittying thy prayers,  
Could do no less than lend a helping hand,  
Thou wert a famous flatterer in thy life,  
And now hast reapt the fruits thereof in death;  
But thou shalt be rewarded like a Saint,  
With Masses, Bells, dirges and burning Lamps;  
'Tis good, I envie not thy happiness:  
But ah the sweet remembrance of that night,  
That night I mean of sweetness and of stealth,  
When for a Prince, a Princess did imbrace me,  
Paying the first fruits of her Marriage Bed,  
Makes me forget all other accidents.  
O *Saxon* I would willingly forgive,  
The deadly trespass of my Fathers death,  
So I might have thy Daughter to my Wife,  
And to be plain, I have best right unto her,  
And love her best, and have deserv'd her best;  
But thou art fond to think on such a match;  
Thou must imagin nothing but revenge,  
And if my computation fail me not,  
Ere long I shall be thorowly reveng'd.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Duke of Saxon, and Hedewick with the Child.*

*Saxon.* Come forth thou perfect map of miserie,  
Desolate Daughter and distressed Mother,  
In whom the Father and the Son are curst;  
Thus once again we will assay the Prince.  
'T may be the sight of his own flesh and blood

Will.



Will now at last pierce his obdurate heart.  
Jailor how fares it with thy prisoner?  
Let him appear upon the battlements.

Hede. *Ich mein deere vatter, ich habe in dis lang lang 30. weeken, welche mich duncket sein 40. jahz gewesen, ein litte Englisch gelernet, vnd ich hope, he will me verstohn, vnd show me a litte pittie.*

*Enter Edward on the Walls and Jailor.*

*Saxon.* Good morrow to your grace *Edward of Wales,*  
Son and immediate Heir to *Henry* the third,  
King of *England* and Lord of *Ireland,*  
Thy Fathers comfort, and the peoples hope;  
'Tis not in mockage nor at unawares,  
That I am ceremonious to repeat  
Thy high descent joynd with thy Kingly might;  
But therewithall to intimate unto thee  
What God expecteth from the higher powers,  
Justice, and mercie, truth, sobrietie,  
Relenting hearts, hands innocent of blood.  
Princes are Gods chief substitutes on earth,  
And should be Lamps unto the common sort.  
But you will say I am become a Preacher,  
No, Prince, I am an humble suppliant,  
And to prepare thine ears make this exordium,  
To pierce thine eyes and heart, behold this spectacle,  
Three Generations of the *Saxon* blood,  
Descended lineallie from forth my Loyns,  
Kneeling and crying to thy mightiness;  
First look on me, and think what I have been,  
For now I think my self of no account,  
Next *Cesar*, greatest man in *Germanie*,  
Neerly a lyed, and ever friend to *England*;  
But Womens sighs move more in manly hearts,  
O see the hands she elevates to Heaven;  
Behold those eyes that whilome were thy joyes,  
Uttering dumb eloquence in Chrystal tears;  
If these exclames and sighs be ordinarie,  
Then look with pittie on thy other self,  
This is thy flesh, and blood, bone of thy bone,

A goodly Boy the Image of his fire.  
 Turn'st thou away? O were thy Father here,  
 He would, as I do, take him in his arms,  
 And sweetly kiss his Grand-child in the face.  
 O *Edward* too young in experience,  
 That canst not look into the grievous wrack,  
 Ensuing this thy obstinate denial;  
 O *Edward* too young in experience,  
 That canst not see into the future good,  
 Ensuing thy most just acknowledgement;  
 Hear me thy truest friend, I will repeat them;  
 For good thou hast an Heir indubitate,  
 Whose eyes a ready sparkle Majesty,  
 Born in true Wedlock of a Princely Mother,  
 And all the *German* Princes to thy friends;  
 Where on the contrary thine eyes shall see,  
 The speedy Tragedie of thee and thine;  
 Like *Athamas* first will I seize upon  
 Thy young unchristened and despised Son,  
 And with his guiltless brains bepaint the Stones;  
 Then like *Virginus* will I kill my Child,  
 Unto thine eyes a pleasing spectacle;  
 Yet shall it be a momentarie pleasure,  
*Henry* of *England* shall mourn with me;  
 For thou thy self *Edward* shall make the third,  
 And be an actor in this bloody Scean.

Hede. Oh myne seete *Edouart*, mein herzkun, myne scherz-  
 kin, mein herziges, einiges herz, mein allerliebste husband,  
 I pzedee mein leese see me friendlich one, good seete harte  
 tell de trut: and at lest to me, and dyne allerleefest schild thew  
 pffty! dan ich bin dyne, vnd dwo bist myne, dwo hast me ge-  
 ven ein kindelein; O *Edouart*, seete, *Edouart* erbarmet  
 sein!

Edw. O *Hedewick* peace, thy speeches pierce my soul.

Hede. *Hedewick* doe yow excellente hight me *Hedewick*  
 seete *Edouart* yow sweete ich bin yowr allerlieueste wif.

*Edward*. The Priest I must confess made thee my Wife,  
 Curst be the damned villanous adulterer,  
 That with so fowl a blot divorce'd our love.

Hede. O mein allerliebster, hiebozne Furst vnd Herr,  
 dinck



black bat unſer Herr Gott ſitts in himmells throne, and ſees  
bat hart vnd will my cauſe woll recken :

*Saxon.* Edward hold me not up with long delays ;  
But quickly ſay, wilt thou confeſs the truth ?

*Edward.* As true as I am born of Kingly Linage,  
And am the beſt *Plantagenet* next my Father,  
I never carnallie did touch her body.

*Saxon.* Edward this anſwer had we long ago,  
Seeſt thou this brat ? ſpeak quickly or he dyes.

*Edward.* His death will be more piercing to thine eyes,  
Than unto mine, he is not of my kin.

*Hede.* O Father, O myne Watter ſpare myne kindt  
O Edward O Prince Edward ſpeak now oder nimmer.  
mehz die kindt iſt mein, it ſoll nicht ſterben :

*Saxon.* Have I diſhonoured my ſelf ſo much,  
To bow my Knee to thee, which never bow'd  
But to my God, and am I thus rewarded ?  
Is he not thine ? ſpeak murderous-minded Prince.

*Edward.* O *Saxon*, *Saxon* mitigate thy rage.  
Firſt thy exceeding great humilitie,  
When to thy captive priſoner thou didſt kneel,  
Had almoſt made my lying tongue confeſs,  
The deed which I proteſt I never did ;  
But thy not cauſeleſs furious madding humour,  
Together with thy Daughters pitious cryes,  
Whom as my life and ſoul I dearly love,  
Had thorowly almoſt perſwaded me,  
To ſave her honour and belie my ſelf,  
And were I not a Prince of ſo high blood;  
And Baſtards have no ſcepter-bearing hands,  
I would in ſilence ſmother up this blot,  
And in compaſſion of thy Daughters wrong,  
Be counted Father to an others Child ;  
For why my ſoul knows her unguiltineſs.

*Saxon.* Smooth words in bitter ſenſe ; is thine anſwer ?

*Hede.* Cy batter gene mit mein kindt, die kindt iſt mein.

*Saxon.* Das weis ich woll, er ſagt es iſt nicht ſein ; there-  
fore it dyes.

*He daſhes out the Childs brains.*

*Hede.* O Got in ſeinem throne, O mein kindt mein kindt.

*Saxon.* There murderer take his head, and breathleſs lymbs,  
Ther's

Ther's flesh enough, bury it in thy bowels,  
 Eat that, or dye for hunger, I protest,  
 Thou getst no other food till that be spent.  
 And now to thee lewd Whore, dishonour'd strumper,  
 Thy turn is next, therefore prepare to dye.

*Edward.* O mighty Duke of *Saxon*, spare thy Child.

*Sax.* She is thy Wife *Edward*, and thou shouldst spare her.  
 One Gracious word of thine will save her life.

*Edward.* I do confess *Saxon* she is mine own,  
 As I have marryed her, I will live with her,  
 Comfort thy self sweet *Hedewick* and sweet Wife.

*Hede.* Ach, ach und wehe. Warumb sagt your Excellence  
 nicht so befoze, now ist to late, vnser arme kindt ist kilt.

*Edward.* Though thou be mine, and I do pittie thee,  
 I would not Nurse a Bastard for a Son.

*Hede.* O *Edouard* now ich mark your meaning ich tholdt  
 be your whoze, mein Matter ich begeh; upon meine knee, last  
 mich lieber sterben, ade salce *Edouart*, salce Prince, ich be-  
 geh; nicht.

*Saxon.* Unprincely thoughts do hammer in thy head,  
 I't not enough that thou hast sham'd her once,  
 And seen the Bastard torn before thy face;  
 But thou wouldst get more brats for Butcherie?  
 No *Hedewick* thou shalt not live the day.

*Hede.* O Herr Gott, nimb meine seele in deiner henden.

*Saxon.* It is thy hand that gives this deadly stroak.

*Hede.* O Herr Sabote, das mein vnschuld an tag kom-  
 men mocht.

*Edward.* Her blood be on that wretched villains head,  
 That is the cause of all this misery.

*Saxon.* Now murderous-minded Prince, hast thou beheld  
 Vpon my Child, and Childs Child, thy desire,  
 Swear to thy self, that here I firmly swear,  
 That thou shall surely follow her to morrow.  
 In Company of thy adulterous Aunt,  
 Jaylor convey him to his Dungeon,  
 If he be hungrie, I have thrown him meat,  
 If thirstie let him suck the newly born lyms.

*Edward.*



*Edward.* O Heavens and Heavenly powers, if you be just,  
Reward the author of this wickedness. *Exit. Edw. & Jaoler.*

*Enter Alexander.*

*Alex.* To arms great Duke of *Saxonie*, to arms,  
My Lord of *Collen*, and the Earl of *Cornwall*,  
In rescue of Prince *Edward* and the Empress,  
Have levy'd fresh supplies, and presently  
Will bid you battail in the open Field.

*Sax.* They never could have come in fitter time ;  
Thirst they for blood? and they shall quench their thirst.

*Alex.* O piteous spectacle! poor Princess *Hedewick*,

*Sax.* Stand not to pittie, lend a helping hand.

*Alex.* What slave hath murdered this guiltless Child?

*Sax.* What? dar'st thou call me slave unto my face?  
I tell thee villain, I have done this deed,  
And seeing the Father and the Grand-fires heart,  
Can give consent and execute their own,  
Wherefore should such a rascal as thy self  
Presume to pittie them, whom we have slain?

*Alex.* Pardon me, if it be presumption  
To pittie them, I will presume no more.

*Sax.* Then help, I long to be amidst my foes. *Exeunt.*

---

*Alarm and Retreat.*

**A C T. V.**

*Enter Richard and Collen with Drums and Souldiers.*

*Richard.* What means your Excellence to sound retreat?  
This is the day of doom unto our Friends ;  
Before Sun set, my Sister, and my Nephew,  
Vnless we rescue them, must lose their lives;  
The cause admits no dalliance nor delay.  
He that so tyrant-like hath slain his own,  
Will take no pittie on a strangers blood.

*Collen.* At my entreaty e're we strike the battail,  
Let's summon out our enemies to a parle.  
Words spoken in time, have vertue, power, and price,

I

And

And mildness may prevail and take effect,  
When dynt of Sword perhaps will aggravate.

*Rich.* Then sound a Parly to fulfill your mind,  
Although I know no good can follow it.

*A Parley.*

*Enter Alphonso, Empress, Saxon, Edward prisoner, Tryer,  
Brandenburg, Alexander and Souldiers.*

*Alphon.* Why how now Emperour that should have been,  
Are these the English Generals bravado's?  
Make you assault so hotly at the first,  
And in the self same moment sound retreat?  
To let you know, that neither War nor words,  
Have power for to divert their fatal doom,  
Thus are we both resolv'd; if we tryumph,  
And by the right and justice of our cause  
Obtain the victorie, as I doubt it not,  
Then both of you shall bear them Company;  
And e're Sun set we will perform our oaths,  
With just effusion of their guilty bloods;  
If you be Conquerours, and we overcome,  
Carry not that conceit to rescue them,  
My self will be the Executioner,  
And with these Ponyards frustrate all your hopes,  
Making you tryumph in a bloodie Field.

*Saxon.* To put you out of doubt that we intend it,  
Please it your Majesty to take your Seate,  
And make a demonstration of your meaning.

*Alphon.* First on my right hand bind the English Whore,  
That venomous Serpent nurs't within my breast  
To suck the virall bloud out of my veins,  
My Empress must have some preheminnence,  
Especially at such a bloodie Banquet,  
Her State, and love to me deserves no less.

*Saxon.* That to Prince Edward I may shew my love,  
And do the latest honour to his State,  
These hands of mine that never chained any,  
Shall fasten him in fetters to the Chair.  
Now Princes are you ready for the battail?

*Collen.* Now att thou right the picture of thy self,  
Seated in height of all thy Tyrannie;

But



But tell us what intends this spectacle.

*Alphon.* To make the certaintie of their deaths more plain,  
And Cancel all your hopes to save their lives,  
While *Saxon* leads the troupes into the Field,  
Thus will I vex their souls, with sight of death,  
Loudly exclaiming in their half dead ears;  
That if we win they shall have companie,  
*Viz.* The English Emperour,  
And you my Lord Archbishop of *Collen*,  
If we be vanquisht, then they must expect  
Speedy dispatch from these two Daggers points.

*Collen.* What canst thou tyrant then expect but death?

*Alphon.* Tush hear me out, that hand which shed their  
blood,  
Can do the like to rid me out of bonds.

*Rich.* But that's a damned resolution.

*Alphon.* So must this desperate disease be cur'd.

*Rich.* O *Saxon* I'll yield my self and all my power,  
To save my Nephew, though my Sister dye.

*Sax.* Thy Brothers Kingdom shall not save his life.

*Edward.* Uncle, you see these savage minded men  
Will have no other ranome but my blood,  
*England* hath Heirs, though I be never King,  
And hearts and hands to scourge this tyrannie,  
And so farewell.

*Emp.* A thousand times farewell,  
Sweet Brother *Richard* and brave Prince of *Collen*.

*Sax.* What *Richard*, hath this object pierc'd thy heart?  
By this imagine how it went with me,  
When yesterday I slew my Children.

*Rich.* O *Saxon* I entreat thee on my Knees.

*Sax.* Thou shalt obtain like mercy with thy kneeling,  
As lately I obtained at *Edward's* hands.

*Rich.* Pity the tears I powr before thy feet.

*Sax.* Pity those tears? why I shed bloudie tears.

*Rich.* I'll do the like to save Prince *Edward's* life.

*Sax.* Then like a Warrior spill it in the Field,  
My grieffull anger cannot be appeaz'd,  
By sacrifice of any but himself  
Thou hast dishonour'd me, and thou shalt dye;

Therefore alarum, alarum to the fight,  
That thousands more may bear thee company.

*Rich.* Nephew and Sitter now farewell for ever;

*Ed.* Heaven and the Right prevail, and let me die;  
Uncle farewell.

*Emp.* Brother farewell untill wee meet in Heaven.

*Exeunt. Manent Alphon. Edw. Emp. Alex.*

*Alphon.* Here's farewell Brother, Nephew, Vncle, Aunt,  
As if in thousand years you should not meet;  
Good Nephew, and good Aunt content your selves,  
The Sword of *Saxon* and these Daggers-points,  
Before the Evening-Star doth shew it self,  
Will take sufficient order for your meeting.  
But *Alexander*, my trustie *Alexander*,  
Run to the Watch-Tow'r as I pointed thee,  
And by thy life I charge thee look unto it  
Thou be the first to bring me certain word  
I we be Conquerors, or Conquered.

*Alex.* With carefull speed I will perform this charge. *Exit.*

*Alphon* Now have I leasure yet to talk with you.

Fair *Isabell*, the *Palsgrave's* Paramour,

Wherein was he a better man than I?

Or wherfore should thy love to him, effect

Such deadly hate unto thy Emperour?

Yet welfare wenches that can love Good fellows,

And not mix Murder with Adulterie.

*Emp.* Great Emperor, I dare not call you Husband,  
Your Conscience knows my hearts unguiltiness.

*Alpho.* Didst thou not poison, or consent to poison us?

*Emp.* Should any but your Highness tell me so,  
I should forget my patience at my death,  
And call him Villain, Liar, Murderer.

*Alphon.* She that doth so miscall me at her end,  
*Edward* I prethee speak thy Conscience,  
Thinkest thou not that in her prosperitie  
Sh'hath vext my Soul with bitter Words and Deeds?  
O Prince of *England* I do count thee wise  
That thou wilt not be cumber'd with a wife,  
When thou hadst stoln her daintie rose *Corance*,  
And pluck'd the flow'r of her virginie.

*Edw.*



*Edw.* Tyrant of *Spain* thou liest in thy threat.

*Alpho.* Good words, thou seest thy life is in our hands.

*Edw.* I see thou art become a common Hangman,  
An Office farre more fitting to thy mind  
Than princelie to the Imperiall dignitie.

*Alphon.* I do not exercise on common persons,  
Your Highness is a Prince, and she an Empress,  
I therefore count not of a dignitie.

Hark *Edward* how they labour all in vain,  
With los of many a valiant Soldiers life,  
To rescue them whom Heaven and we have doom'd;  
Dost thou not tremble when thou think'st upon't?

*Edw.* Let guiltie minds tremble at sight of Death,  
My heart is of the nature of the Palm,  
Not to be broken, till the highest Bud  
Be bent and ti'd unto the lowest Roor;  
I rather wonder that thy Tyrants heart  
Can give consent that those thy Butcherous hands  
Should offer violence to thy Flesh and Blood.

See how her guiltless innocence doth plead  
In silent Oratorie of her chastest tears.

*Alphon.* Those tears proceed from Fury and curst heart.  
I know the stomach of your English Dames.

*Emp.* No Emperour, these tears proceed from grief.

*Alphon.* Grief that thou canst not be reveng'd of Vs.

*Emp.* Grief that your Highness is so ill advis'd,  
To offer violence to my Nephew *Edward*;  
Since then there must be sacrifice of Blood,  
Let my heart-blood save both your bloods unspilt,  
For of his death, thy Heart must pay the guilt.

*Edw.* No Aunt, I will not buy my life so dear:  
Therefore *Alphonso* if thou beest a man  
Shed manly blood, and let me end this strife.

*Alphon.* Here's straining curstie at a bitter Feast.  
Content thee Empress for thou art my Wife;  
Thou shalt obtain thy Boon and die the death,  
And for it were unprinceby to deny  
So slight request unto so great a Lord,

*Edward* shall bear thee company in Death.

But hark the heat of battail hath an end;

*A Retreat.*

One side or other hath the victory, *Enter Alexander.*  
 And see where *Alexander* sweating comes ;  
 Speak man, what newes, speak, shall I die or live ?  
 Shall I stab sure, or els prolong their lves  
 To grievous Torments? speak, am I Conquerour?  
 What, hath thy hast bereft thee of thy speech?  
 Hast thou not breath to speak one syllable?

O speak, thy dalliance kills me, wonn or lost? *Amaz'd*  
*Alex. Lost.* *lets fall the*

*Alphon.* Ah me my Senses fail! my sight is gon. *Daggers.*

*Alex.* Will not your Grace dispatch the Strumpet Queen?  
 Shall she then live, and we be doom'd to death?  
 Is your Heart faint, or is your Hand too weak?  
 Shall servill fear break your so sacred Oaths?  
 Me thinks an Emperour should hold his word;  
 Give me the Weapons. I will soon dispatch them,  
 My Fathers yelling Ghost cries for revenge,  
 His Blood within my Veins boyls for revenge;  
 O give me leave *Cesar* to take revenge.

*Alphon.* Vpon condition that thou wilt protest  
 To take revenge upon the Murtherers,  
 Without respect of dignity, or State,  
 Afflicted, speedy, pittiless Revenge,  
 I will commit this Dagger to thy trust,  
 And give thee leave to execute thy Will.

*Alex.* What need I here reiterate the Deeds  
 Which deadly sorrow made me perpetrate?  
 How neer did I entrap Prince *Richard's* life?  
 How sure set I the Knife to *Mentz* his heart?  
 How cunninglie was *Palsgrave* doom'd to death?  
 How subtilly was *Bohem* poisoned?  
 How slyly did I satisfie my lust  
 Commixing dulcet Love with deadly Hate,  
 When Princeesse *Hedwick* lost her Maidenhead,  
 Sweetly embracing me for *Englands* Heir?

*Edw.* O execrable deeds!

*Emp.* O salvage mind!

*Alex. Edward,* I give thee leave to hear of this,  
 But will forbid the blabbing of your tongue.  
 Now gracious Lord and sacred Emperour,

Your



Your highness knowing these and many more,  
Which tearles pregnancie hath wrought in me,  
You do me wrong to doubt that I will diue  
Into their hearts that have not spar'd their betters,  
Be therefore suddain lest we die our selves.  
I know the Conquerour hasts to rescue them.

*Alphon.* Thy Reasons are effectuall, take this Dagger;  
Yet pause a while.

*Emp.* Sweet Nephew now farewell.

*Alphon.* They are most dear to me whom thou must kill.

*Edward.* Hark Aunt he now begins to pittie you.

*Alex.* But they consented to my Fathers death.

*Alphon.* More then consented, they did execute.

*Emp.* I will not make his Majestie a Lyar,  
I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,  
But save the life of this unguilty Prince.

*Edward.* I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,  
But save the life of this unguiltie Emperess.

*Alphon.* Hark thou to me, and think their words as wind.  
I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,  
And save the lives of these two guiltless Princes.  
Art thou amaz'd to hear what I have said?  
There, take the weapon, now revenge at full  
Thy Fathers death, and those my dire deceits  
That made thee murtherer of so many Souls.

*Alex.* O Emperour, how cunningly wouldst thou entrap  
My simple youth to credit Fictions?

Thou kill my Father, no, no Emperour,

*Cesar* did love *Lorentzo* all too dearly:

Seeing thy Forces now are vanquished,

Frustrate thy hopes, thy Highness like to fall

Into the cruel and revengefull hands

Of merciless incensed Enemies,

Like *Cains Cassius* wearie of thy life,

Now wouldst thou make thy Page an instrument

By suddain stroak to rid thee of thy bonds.

*Alphon.* Hast thou forgotten how that very night

Thy Father dy'd, I took the Master-Key,

And with a lighted Torch walk'd through the Court.

*Alex.* I must remember that, for to my death.

I never shall forget the slightest deed,  
Which on that dismal Night or Day I did.

*Alphon.* Thou wast no sooner in thy restfull Bed,  
But I disturb'd thy Father of his rest,  
And to be short, not that I hated him,  
But for he knew my deepest Secrets,  
With cunning Poison I did end his life;  
Art thou his Son? express it with a Stab,  
And make account if I had prospered,  
Thy date was out, thou wast already doom'd,  
Thou knewst too much of me to live with me.

*Alex.* What wonders do I hear great Emperour?  
Not that I do steadfastlie believe  
That thou didst murder my beloved Father;  
But in meer pittie of thy vanquish'd state  
I undertake this execution:  
Yet, for I fear the sparkling Majestie .  
Which issues from thy most Imperial, eyes  
May strike relenting Passion to my heart,  
And after wound receiv'd from fainting hand,  
Thou fall halfe dead among thine Enemies,  
I crave thy Highness leave to bind thee first.

*Alphon.* Then bind me quickly, use me as thou please

*Emp.* O Villain, wilt thou kill thy Sovereign?

*Alex.* Your Highness sees that I am forc'd unto it.

*Alphon.* Fair Empress, I shame to ask thee pardon,  
Whom I have wrong'd so many thousand waies.

*Emp.* Dread Lord and Husband, leave these desperat  
Doubt not the Princes may be reconcil'd. (thoughts,

*Alex.* 'T may be the Princes will be reconcil'd,  
But what is that to me? all Potentates on Earth  
Can never reconcile my griev'd Soul.  
Thou slew'st my Father, thou didst make this hand  
Mad with Revenge to murder Innocents,  
Now hear, how in the height of all thy pride  
The rightfull Gods have powr'd their justfull wrath  
Upon thy Tyrants head, Devill as thou art.  
And sav'd by miracle these Princes lives;  
For know, thy side hath got the Victory;  
*Saxon* triumphs over his dearest friends;

*Richard*



*Richard and Collen, both are Prisoners,  
And every thing hath sorted to thy wish;  
Only hath Heaven put it in my mind  
(for he alone directed then my thoughts  
Although my meaning was most mischievous)  
To tell thee thou hadst lost, in certain hope  
That suddainly thou wouldst have slain them both,  
For if the Princes came to talk about it,  
I greatly feard their lives might be prolong'd.  
Art thou not mad to think on this deceit?  
Ile make thee madder, with tormenting thee.  
I tell thee Arch-Thief, Villain, Murtherer,  
Thy Forces have obtaind the Victory,  
Victory leads thy Foes in captive bands;  
This Victory hath crown'd thee Emperour,  
Only my self have vanquisht Victory,  
And triumph in the Victors overthrow.*

*Alphon. O Alexander spare thy Princes life.*

*Alex. Even now thou didst entreat the contrary.*

*Alphon. Think what I am that begg my life of thee.*

*Alex. Think what he was whom thou hast doom'd to death.  
But least the Princes do surprize us here  
Before I have perform'd my strange revenge,  
I will be suddain in the execution.*

*Alphon. I will accept any condition.*

*Alex. Then in the presence of the Emperess,  
The captive Prince of England, and my self,  
Forswear the joyes of Heaven, the sight of God,  
Thy Souls salvation, and thy Saviour Christ,  
Damning thy Soul to endless pains of Hell.  
Do this or die upon my Rapiers point.*

*Emp. Sweet Lord and Husband, spit in's face.  
Die like a man, and live not like a Devill.*

*Alex. What? wilt thou save thy life, and damn thy Soul?*

*Alph. O hold thy hand, Alphonsus doth renounce.*

*Edward. Aunt stop your years, hear not this Blasphemy.*

*Empr. Sweet Husband think that Christ did dy for thee.*

*Alphon. Alphonsus doth renounce the joyes of Heaven,  
The sight of Angells and his Saviours blood,  
And gives his Soul unto the Devills power.*

*Alex. Thus will I make delivery of the Deed,*

Die and be damn'd, now am I satisfied.

*Edward.* O damned Milcreant, what hast thou done?

*Alex.* When I have leasure I will answer thee:

Mean while I'll take my heels and save my self.

If I be ever call'd in question,

I hope your Majesties will save my life,

You have so happily preserved yours;

Did I not think it, both of you should die. *Exit Alex.*

*Enter Saxon, Branden. Tryer, (Richard and Collen  
as prisoners) and Soldiers.*

*Saxon.* Bring forth these daring Champions to the Block,  
Comfort your selves you shall have company.

Great Emperor, where is his Majestie?

What bloody spectacle do I behold?

*Emp.* Revenge, revenge, O *Saxon*, *Brandenburg*,  
My Lord is slain, *Cesar* is doom'd to death.

*Edward.* Princes make haste, follow the murtherer.

*Saxon.* Is *Cesar* slain?

*Edward.* Follow the Murtherer.

*Emp.* Why stand you gasing on an other thus?  
Follow the Murtherer.

*Saxon.* What Murtherer?

*Edward.* The villain *Alexander* hath slain his Lord,  
Make after him with speed, so shall you hear  
Such villanie as you have never heard.

*Brand.* My Lord of *Tryer*, we both with our light Horse  
Will scour the Coasts and quickly bring him in.

*Saxon.* That can your Excellence alone perform,  
Stay you my Lord, and guard the Prisoners,  
While I, alas, unhappiest Prince alive,  
Over his Trunk consume my self in Tears.

Hath *Alexander* done this damned deed?

That cannot be, why should he slay his Lord?

O cruel Fate; O miserable me!

Me thinks I now present *Mark Antony*,

Folding dead *Julius Caesar* in mine arms.

No, no, I rather will present *Achilles*,

And on *Patroclus* Tomb do sacrifice.

Let



Let me be spurn'd and hated as a Dogg,  
But I perform more direfull bloody Rites  
Than *Thetis* Son for *Meneiades*.

*Edward*. Leave mourning for thy Foes, pittie thy Friends.

*Sax*. Friends have I none, and that which grieves my Soul,  
Is want of Foes to work my wreak upon;  
But were you Traitors 4, four hundred thousand,  
Then might I satisfie my self with Blood.

*Enter Brandenb. Alexand. and Soldiers.*

*Saxon*. See *Alexander* where *Cesar* lieth slain,  
The guilt whereof the Traitors cast on thee;  
Speak, canst thou tell who slew thy Sovereign?

*Alexan*. Why who but I? how should I curse my self  
If any but my self had done this deed?

This happy hand, blest be my hand therefore,  
Revenge'd my Fathers death upon his Soul:  
And *Saxon* thou hast cause to curse and bann,  
That he is dead, before thou didst inflict  
Torments on him that so hath torn thy heart.

*Saxon*. What Mysteries are these?

*Bran*. Princes, can you inform us of the Truth?

*Edward*. The Deed's so heinous that my faltering tongue  
Abhorres the utterance. Yet I must tell it.

*Alex*. Your Highness shall not need to take the pains,  
What you abhor to tell, I joy to tell,  
Therefore be silent and give audience.  
You mighty men, and Rulers of the Earth,  
Prepare your Ears, to hear of Stratagems  
Whose dire effects have gaul'd your princely hearts,  
Confounded your conceits, muffled your eyes:  
First to begin, this villanous Fiend of Hell  
Murther'd my Father, sleeping in his Chair,  
The reason why, because he only knew  
All Plotts, and complots of his villanie;  
His death was made the Basis and the Ground  
Of every mischief that hath troubled you.

*Saxon*. If thou, thy Father and thy Progenie  
Were hang'd and burnt, and broken on the Wheel,

How could their deaths heap mischief on our heads?

*Alex.* And if you will not hear the Reason chuse.  
I tell thee I have slain an Emperour,  
And thereby think my self as good a man  
As thou, or any man in Christendom;  
Thou shalt entreat me ere I tell thee more.

*Brand.* Proceed.

*Alex.* Not I.

*Saxon* I prethe now proceed.

*Alex.* Since you intreat me then, I will proceed.  
This murtherous Devill having slain my Father,  
Buz'd cunningly into my credulous ears,  
That by a General Councell of the States,  
And as it were by Act of Parlement,  
The seven Electors had set down his death,  
And made the Empreſs Executioner,  
Transferring all the guilt from him to you.  
This I believ'd, and first did set upon  
The life of Princely *Richard*, by the Boors,  
But how my purpose faild in that, his Grace best knows;  
Next, by a double intricate deceit,  
Midst all his Mirth was *Bohem* poysoned,  
And good old *Mentz* to save *Alphonso's* life,  
(Who at that instant was in perfect health)  
Twixt jest and earnest was made a Sacrifice;  
As for the *Palatine*, your Graces knew  
His Highness and the Queens unguiltines;  
But now my Lord of *Saxon* hark to me,  
Father of *Saxon* should I rather call you,  
Twas I that made your Grace a Grandfather:  
Prince *Edward* plow'd the ground, I sow'd the Seed,  
Poor *Hedewick* bore the most unhappy fruit,  
Created in a most unluckie hour,  
To a most violent and untimely death.

*Sax.* O loathsome Villain, O detested deeds,  
O guiltless Prince, O me most miserable.

*Brand.* But tell us who reveal'd to thee at last  
This shamefull guilt, and our unguiltines?

*Alex.* Why that's the wonder Lords, and thus it was:  
When like a tyrant he had tane his seat,

And



And that the furie of the Fight began,  
Upon the highest Watch-Tow'r of the Fort,  
It was my office to behold aloft  
The Warres event, and having seen the end,  
I saw how Victory with equal wings  
Hang hovering 'twixt the Battails here and there  
Till at the last, the English Lyons fled,  
And Saxon's side obtain'd the Victory;  
Which seen, I posted from the turrets top,  
More furiously than ere *Laocoon* ran,  
When Trojan hands drew in *Troy's* overthrow,  
But yet as fatally as he or any.  
The tyrant seeing me, star'd in my face,  
And suddainly demanded whats the newes,  
I, as the Fates would have it, hoping that he  
Even in a twinkling would have slain 'em both,  
For so he swore before the Fight began,  
Cri'd bitterly that he had lost the day,  
The sound whereof did kill his dastard heart,  
And made the Villain desperately confess  
The murder of my Father, praying me,  
With dire revenge, to ridd him of his life;  
Short tale to make, I bound him cunningly,  
Told him of the deceit, triumphing over him,  
And lastly with my Rapier slew him dead.

*Sax.* O Heavens! justly have you tane revenge,  
But thou, thou murderous adulterous slave,  
What Bull of *Phalaris*, what strange device,  
Shall we invent to take away thy life?

*Alex.* If *Edward* and the Empress, whom I sav'd,  
Will not requite it now, and save my life,  
Then let me die, contentedly I die,  
Having at last reveng'd my Fathers death,

*Sax.* Villain, not all the world shall save thy life!

*Edw.* Hadst thou not been Author of my *Hedewick's* death;  
I would have certainly sav'd thee from death;  
But if my Sentence now may take effect,  
I would adjudge the Villain to be hang'd  
As here the Jewes are hang'd in *Germany*.

*Sax.* Young Prince it shall be so; go dragg the Slave

Unto the place of execution:  
There let the *Judas*, on a Jewish Gallows,  
Hang by the heels between two English Mastives,  
There feed on Doggs, let Doggs there feed on thee,  
And by all means prolong his miserie.

*Alex.* O might thy self and all these English Currs,  
Instead of Mastive-Doggs hang by my side,  
How sweetly would I tugg upon your Flesh. *Exit Alex.*

*Sax.* Away with him, suffer him not to speak.  
And now my lords, *Collen*, *Tryer*, and *Barndenburg*,  
Whose Hearts are bruz'd to think upon these woes,  
Though no man hath such reason as my self,  
We of the seven Electors that remain,  
After so many bloody Massacres,  
Kneeling upon our Knees, humbly intreat  
Your Excellence to be our Emperour.  
The Royalties of the Coronation  
Shall be, at *Aix*, shortly solemnized.

*Cullen.* Brave Princely *Richard* now refuse it not,  
Though the Election be made in Tears,  
Joy shall attend thy Coronation.

*Richard.* It stands not with mine Honour to deny it,  
Yet by mine Honour, fain I would refuse it.

*Edward.* Uncle, the weight of all these Miseries  
Maketh my heart as heavy as your own,  
But an Imperial Crown would lighten it,  
Let this one reason make you take the Crown.

*Richard.* What's that sweet nephew?

*Edward.* Sweet Uncle, this it is,  
Was never Englishman yet Emperour,  
Therefore to honour *England* and your self,  
Let private sorrow yield to publike Fame,  
That once an Englishman bare *Cesar's* name.

*Richard.* Nephew, thou hast prevail'd; Princes stand up,  
We humbly do accept your sacred offer.

*Cullen.* Then sound the Trumpets, and cry *Vivat Cesar*.

*All.* *Vivat Cesar*.

*Cullen.* *Richardus Dei gratia Romanorum Imperator, semper Augustus, Comes Cornubia.*

*Richard*



*Emperor of Germany.*

*Richard.* Sweet Sister now let *Cesar* comfort you,  
And all the rest that yet are comfortles;  
Let them expect from English *Cesar's* hands  
Peace, and abundance of all earthly Joy.

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**FINIS**

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